WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR PEACE?
Why Not Send a Child the C N?
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE GREAT WAR AND A LITTLE CHILD

LIFE IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE GIRL LOST THROUGH THE WAR

Poor Cripple Alone in an Enemy Land

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

This is the remarkable story of a South African child's adventure in the Great War; it has not been printed before and we give it to the world because it should be known.

The end of the story (which we have thoroughly investigated) reaches us in a letter which came from South Africa in 12 days and was written "on the seashore outside the thatched cottage where Cecil Rhodes lived his happiest moments, and where he died."

It happened that in 1912 a South African lady living in Windhoek sent her little daughter, three years old, to a famous hospital in Berlin to be treated for tuberculosis of the spine. She was cured, and arrangements were made for her return home when suddenly the Great Shadow fell upon the world.

As the mother was preparing to leave Windhoek the German army invaded Belgium, and Germany found herself at war with the British Empire. Windhoek is in South-West Africa, which was then German territory, and the child's father, a British subject, was imprisoned in a concentration camp. Mrs Phillips was left with two children to provide for.

Waiting For News

It is not difficult to imagine her distress, for her daughter was now alone in an enemy land and the mother was not allowed to write or even to send the fees to the hospital. It seemed suspicious to the German authorities in Africa, and as her home had been burned down the mother could not produce the papers showing that her child was in a Berlin hospital.

It was not very long before South-West Africa became British and the father was released from camp; but his freedom made little difference as far as the child was concerned, for still they could not communicate with an enemy country. They heard nothing and could find out nothing. They waited in an agony of suffering all through the war; theirs was one of the millions of small tragedies arising from the calamity that overwhelmed mankind.

The Faithful Nurse

They were bitter days for this poor mother, and more bitter still they would have been had she known the truth about her child, frail subject of the British flag. The truth is that this little one was *wandering in the streets of Berlin in the middle of the Great War.*

What had happened was as remarkable in its way as what was about to happen. When the child's father took her to the Berlin hospital he was naturally unhappy at leaving her there alone, and he begged one of the nurses to watch over his little daughter. The nurse was faithful to her trust. She took a personal interest in her charge as long as she remained in hospital; but the time came when the pressure of war conditions drove the patients from the hospital, which was needed for wounded soldiers, and our little South African, now cured, was handed over to a charitable institution.

The nurse was drafted to duty elsewhere, but still she continued to watch over her little friend. At last came the time when the strain of the war was almost too much for Germany to bear, and the child, now eight years old, was handed over to the care of somebody unknown, a woman who appeared to be respectable but treated the child so harshly that hard work and low diet brought a return of the spinal trouble. The nurse lost sight of her.

Then happened a very remarkable thing. Walking in the streets of Berlin one day, the nurse noticed a crippled child, and, her heart full of pity, she went across the street and received the surprise of her life, for the cripple was no other than her little hospital friend. The child was very ill from starvation and harsh treatment and the effects of scrubbing floors.

It was not an easy thing to hold the child of an enemy country in Berlin in those late years of the war, when every mouthful of food was twice precious, but the good nurse took the cripple under her care, removed her from her unhappy environment, and at length was able, some time in 1917, to exchange her for a German officer who had been taken prisoner of war and was in Belgium. We do not know the name of this nurse, but if this should meet her eye we should be glad to hear from her.

What happened now was that the child passed into the care of the Red Cross, and in course of time she arrived at Sir William Treloar's hospital for children at Alton in Hampshire. The hospital has a strange story of its own, for it was built with the profits of a song Mr Kipling wrote for soldiers wounded in the South African War; a special

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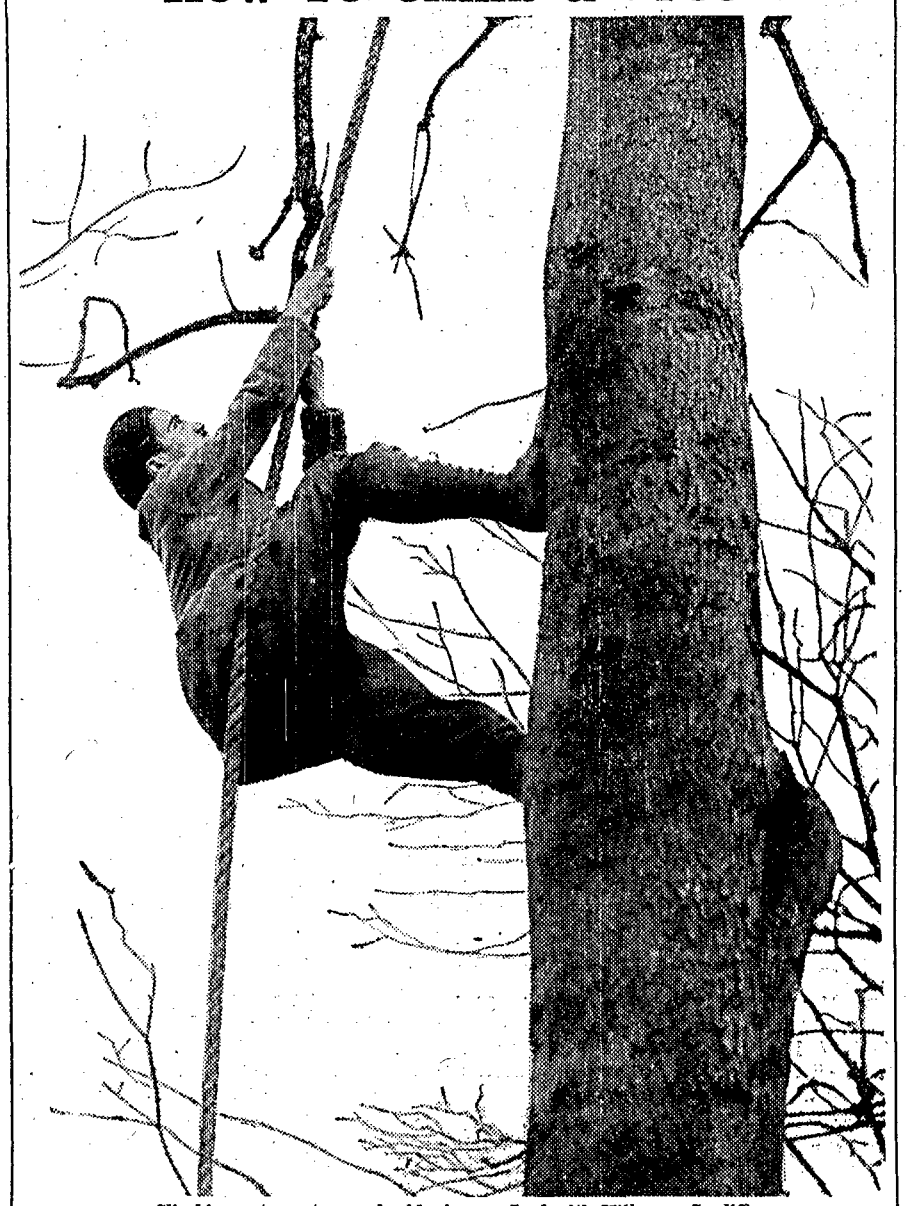
How To Climb a Tree



Climbing a tree at a road-widening on Leckwith Hill near Cardiff

WHY THE YEAR LEAPS FORWARD TODAY

FEBRUARY 29

The Little Time That Makes All the Difference

MAKING THE CALENDAR FIT

The year is leaping forward a day this week; in other words, February has the extra day which comes to it once in four years.

It is one of the things that puzzles us all at times, but it has to do, of course, with the fact that we live on a spinning ball. The Earth is always flying round the Sun, and if you made a mark at some point and then waited until the Earth came back to that point after going round the Sun once, the time the Earth took in its journey would be a year, and in the course of that journey round the Sun the Earth would have spun round on its axis 365 times.

Julius Caesar's Idea

As a matter of fact the figure is not quite right, and this is where Leap Year comes in. Really the Earth spins round about 365 and a quarter times, and it is so that we may not forget that quarter that every four years we have what we call Leap Year, making the year 366 days long by giving February 29 days instead of 28.

The extra day is added to the shortest month in the calendar. Obviously, if nothing was done, in course of time the seasons would be all upset, and it was Julius Caesar, 2000 years ago, who thought out the idea of Leap Year.

But even yet we are not quite right; it is a very complicated and difficult world. The truth is that the time the Earth takes to travel round the Sun is not precisely 365 and a quarter days, but a few minutes less. The exact time is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49·54 seconds. This little difference of time must be made up somehow if our calendar is to be kept straight, and, just as we make up the time roughly by the extra day in what is known as Leap Year, so we put it right by the very curious little process of dropping Leap Year now and then.

A Very Hard Matter

We are just right if we drop it in the last year of three centuries out of four, and the rule is that those years which divide by 400 are all leap years, and those which do not divide by 400 are not leap years. It may seem very odd, but that is how it happens. The year 1900 was not a leap year, but the year 2000 will be.

It is easy to see that fixing up a timetable to suit all our conveniences and to fit into the movements of the Earth and the Sun is a very hard matter, and it has only been done by making changes through the centuries.

THE KINEMA LOOKS AT ITSELF

Very First Films

DRAMATIC MOMENT AT THE POLYTECHNIC

It was a dramatic moment when Monsieur Louis Lumière walked on to the stage at London's Polytechnic last week, exactly forty years after the first appearance there of his "living pictures," to view the films that were shown in that first public programme.

Here (for three days only) we saw M. Trewey do his famous hat trick, as clever today as ever; an adorable Lumière baby having breakfast between his quaintly-clad parents in a French garden; and a crowd of French children pushing a fishing smack out to sea. Each of these early films is 40 feet long and lasts less than a minute; but how steady and clear they are, and how genuinely interesting!

We not only saw the first films, but some of them were put on by the original projector, while Mr Will Day reconstructed the scene of 40 years ago in an interesting lecture.

Once Upon a Time

The development of film technique was then passed in review. Valuable news reel documents were shown beside the comical and often ridiculous efforts of stunt photography. The last number on the programme brought the story up to date by showing the handsome figure of M. Lumière arriving at Croydon the day before, followed by views of the two projectors used that day, the original Lumière one and its 1936 descendant.

This is a fairy tale, Mr Kimberley, chairman of the committee organising the celebration, told us, adding that "Once upon a time" was a fitting beginning. The amazing developments that have taken place in the kinema industry in half a lifetime come home to us when we contrast the box-office returns of M. Lumière's first public showing in Paris (something just under £2) with an average day's takings in the kinema theatres of this country now, say £115,000.

In honouring M. Lumière other great names in this fairy tale were not forgotten: Mr Friese-Greene, who patented the first film in 1889; Mr R. W. Paul, the first English projector; and Edison, whose Original Kinetoscope, the box-like contrivance which gave the Brothers Lumière their idea, was exhibited in an adjoining hall as part of the famous Will Day Collection of Kinema Relics.

THE VIPER CURES THE BOY

A boy's life has just been saved at Torquay by snake venom.

The use of snake venom as a cure is one of the most remarkable medical discoveries of our time. Strictly speaking we should say that the venom was that of a viper; it has the effect of clotting the blood.

The poor boy in Torbay Hospital was suffering from a mysterious affliction in which the blood will not clot. Its name is haemophilia, and a royal prince of Spain is one of its victims.

Because the blood does not clot it continues to flow from even a slight wound and cannot be stanched. From the teeth and gums of the patient at Torquay his life was draining out.

The doctors, almost as a last resort, telephoned to St Bartholomew's, and four hours later some Russell viper venom arrived. It was applied, and from that moment the blood began to clot, the flow ceased, the boy recovered.

This employment of snake venom is a singular example of the way good can come out of evil. We shall have to think of another meaning for the old saying of nursing a viper in one's bosom.

THE STICK THAT WAS A BOOMERANG

Secret Paper Storm in a Teacup

Signor Mussolini's chief editor, Signor Gayda, has thrown what he thought to be a straight hard stick and which has proved to be a boomerang.

Having somehow got hold of a confidential document belonging to the British Government, Signor Gayda rushed into print with it, thinking to damage our good name; but it has proved to be the clearest possible evidence of the unselfish policy pursued by our Government at Geneva.

The secret document is a report of a committee set up by our Government a year ago to find out how British interests would be affected if Italy absorbed Abyssinia. The report declares that we have no vital interests there which would lead us to oppose Italy's conquest of that country.

What becomes, then, of Italy's persistent accusation that we have been using the League to pursue our own interests in Abyssinia? The very publication of this secret report has proved the absurdity of that charge. Nothing is more clear than that Britain in opposing Italy's aggression is acting purely as a member of the League.

THE KING TO HIS PEOPLE

Sunday Broadcast

King Edward is to broadcast to his people on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. His Majesty will be heard from all transmitters, and his talk will reach the Empire from Daventry.

The King was the first royal broadcaster, having spoken in October 1922 from the old 2 L O. He then spoke from York House (St James's Palace), and his voice was relayed. There were then fewer than 20,000 listeners; now there are over 7,000,000.

The King is a highly successful broadcaster, both as a speaker and as a pleader. His appeal for the distressed miners brought £370,000; one friend who heard it in New York sent £20,000.

DRAMATIC EVENTS IN SPAIN

The Old Order Loses Power

THOUSANDS OF CAPTIVES SET FREE

The political changes in Spain are more and more dramatic.

The old order, which had slowly been regaining power and using it to crush free institutions, is once more in a minority, and many nobles have fled from the country. The new Government has set free the Catalonian Cabinet which revolted in October 1934 and also the 30,000 men who struck work in sympathy and fought the Civil Guard in Asturias. It has also reinstated 1000 Municipal Councils. It is expected that one result of all this must be that Catalonia will not now desire to become a separate republic, as once appeared inevitable.

Don Manuel Azana, who spent the last two months of 1934 in prison, is once again Prime Minister of Spain.

So excited were the people over the victory of the progressives at the polls that it was decided that a new Government should take office at once instead of waiting for the meeting of the Cortes on March 16. There were fears of a military revolution, but police and army showed no sympathy with any violent action opposed to the will of the people.

It was for his visit to Barcelona at the time of the revolt of October 1934 that Señor Azana was arrested, for his name had been put forward as President of an independent Catalonia. After this revolt the Catalan Cortes was suspended and its leader arrested with other members of the Catalan Cabinet. One member, Señor Casanovas, escaped to France, but made a dramatic return as soon as the result of the elections was known. The members of the Catalan Cortes who were still free men had assembled in the Parliament Building at Barcelona for the purpose of asserting their right to exist, and Señor Casanovas walked in and took his former seat. No attempt was made to arrest this fugitive from the law.

POOR CRIPPLE IN AN ENEMY LAND

Continued from page 1

Act of Parliament had to be passed before it could be turned into a children's hospital.

But never has the hospital known a stranger story than the one we are telling now. On June 14, 1917, our child arrived at Alton, and while she lay there a South African soldier in England arrived

Ada Phillips in her cot at the Treloar Home

at the Treloar Home with a magazine in which was a picture of the child sitting in her cot. We are printing the picture here. The magazine had been to South Africa and had been posted back to the soldier by his mother, who said to him that this picture, and the story of the child printed beneath it, almost certainly referred to his missing cousin.

The magazine the soldier took with him to the hospital was actually that magazine which was the mother of the C N, Arthur Mee's Monthly, and the soldier took it with him to Alton with great excitement and hope. He himself had just recovered his sight by a miracle after nine months of darkness, and one of the first delights he experienced after that time of stress and strain was the discovery of his missing cousin sitting in her cot. He found her through the picture in the C N's monthly companion.

When the first excitement was over the soldier was given the glad news that the child had just been identified through the authorities at the office of the High Commissioner for South Africa, and a cable sent to the mother.

We are glad to say that the child of this strange adventure has grown up healthy and strong, and is happy after all these years; she is Miss Ada Phillips, and she is full of gratitude to the Treloar Hospital, of which she has the happiest memories. She remembers how Sir William would come down from London (he was Lord Mayor and a great man in the City) and would sit by the cots making jokes with the children; and she remembers also the great kindliness of Sir Henry Gauvain, the brilliant surgeon who has been responsible for so much miraculous healing at Alton since the hospital was founded. Not less grateful is she to the unknown German nurse who befriended her and saved her life in the dark days of the war. Will any of our German readers in Berlin please try to find this nurse for us?

The C N wishes Miss Phillips a long and happy life, and is glad to have had some share in her remarkable story.

FAIRY GODFATHER OF THE HOSPITALS

One often wonders what would become of many of our benevolent institutions if Jewish aid was withdrawn.

The Jew knows as well how to spend money as to make it, and usually he loves to support social institutions.

Mr Edward Meyerstein, who is a generous Jew, a good poet, and a rich man, has in the past given £250,000 to Middlesex Hospital and many thousands to other institutions, and he has just bought a lovely hill in Surrey for £5000 to make happy the child patients of a hospital to be built at Banstead.

The institution is the Princess Elizabeth Hospital, now housed in East London, but presently to be erected high up in what is a beauty spot of Surrey. Mr Meyerstein has also given £10,000 toward the rebuilding.

We wish much happiness to Mr Meyerstein, who has made his poetry known to a few and his practical goodness known to a mighty multitude.

TELEVISION EASIER

Far off as it may be, television broadcasting has been made much easier by the perfection of a new type of cable.

The pictures of high definition which it is hoped to broadcast this summer require signals of a much higher frequency than those used for ordinary broadcasting, and these could be sent out only by wireless, over a comparatively short radius. The new tubular cable enables these signals to pass over landlines, so that a television programme can now be transmitted from a central station by landline to several places and then broadcast by wireless from each.

It is a great step forward, and is to the credit of the G P O and its staff.

KEEPING THE GAME CLEAN

A very hopeful plan has been suggested for stopping the gambling system of Football Pools, which is doing so much to ruin football as a healthy sport.

There has grown up in the last few years a pernicious trade in gambling on the results of football matches, all depending on the published tables of the League matches. It has been proposed that these tables should not be published until it is too late for the gamblers to promote their pools, and all friends of clean sport will hope that this may be done.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Over 156,000 people visited the British Industries Fair last week.

A woman of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, has found eight pearls inside an oyster.

Costa Rica is the 48th country to join the International Association of Boy Scouts.

A spark from a pick-axe caused 15 street explosions in the business district of Utica, New York State, the other day.

There are now women in Parliament for the first time in Western Australia, Mrs Cardell Oliver and Miss May Holman having been recently elected.

THINGS SAID

There is less drama on the stage than on the front page of a newspaper, and less acting than at a business interview.
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

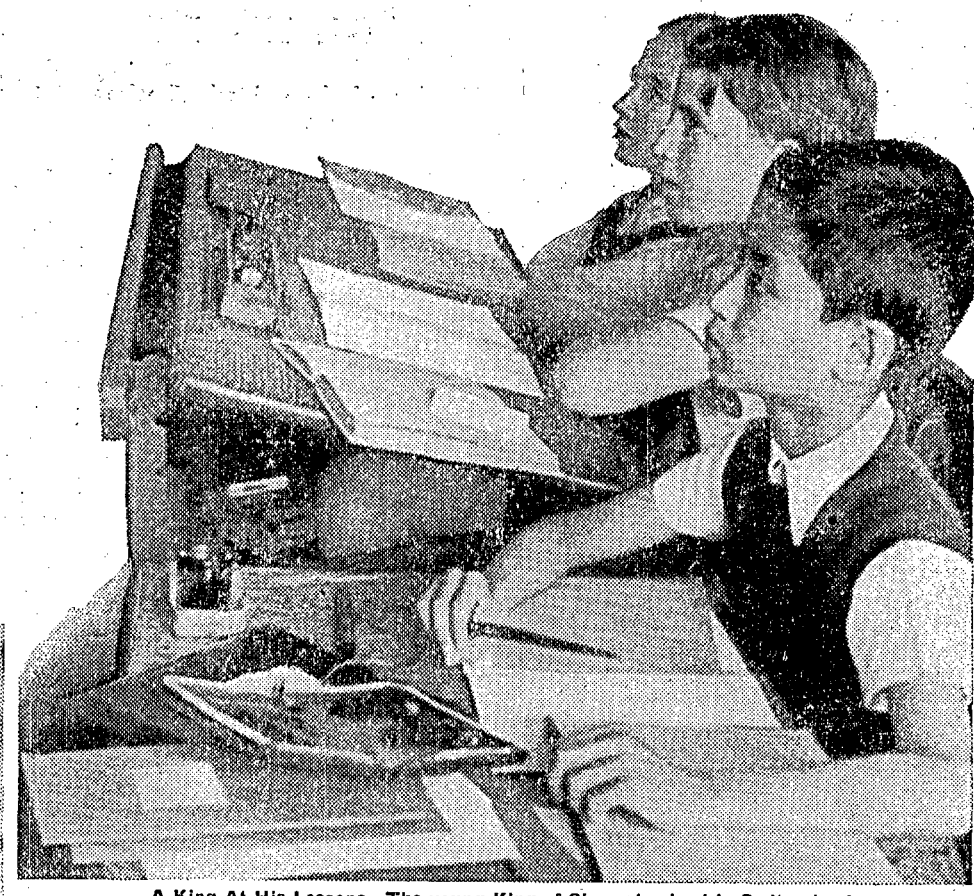
It would be a good thing to put a penny tax on advertisements and take a little bit off the living theatre.
Miss Nancy Price

London's daily drink of water approaches 300 million gallons.
Sir Kingsley Wood

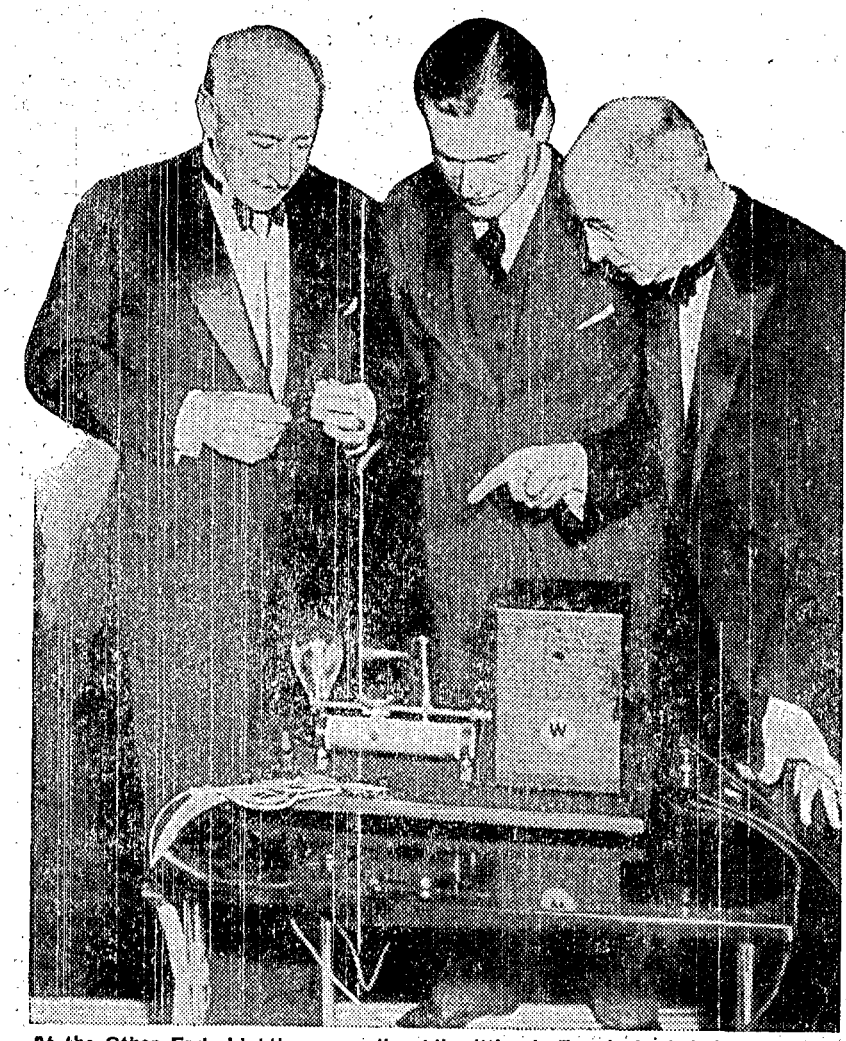
The greatest travel agent this country has known is the King. Lord Stanley

The Wooden Horse · Royal Scholar · What a Candle Did

Tommy On His Wooden Horse—Recruits at the riding-school at Hounslow



A King At His Lessons—The young King of Siam at school in Switzerland



At the Other End—Lighting a candle while sitting in Faraday's chair in London, as told in last week's C N, Sir William Bragg switched on this 43-year-old electric lamp in New York, which in turn caused the lights of the Science Museum to be switched on.

Noah's Ark Sunday—Every year a Noah's Ark Sunday is held at the famous Heritage Craft School at Chailey in Sussex, when the choirboys carry animal and bird signs in procession to a service at the chapel, as shown in this picture.

THE SLUMP IS OVER

THINGS ARE MOVING

Trade at Home and in the Empire is Better and Better

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

There have been issued of late many balance-sheets which prove how wide has been the recovery from depression in most parts of the world.

We have collected some of the more striking examples of this progress.

In Great Britain more money was in circulation last year than ever before. Bank deposits reached the highest figure on record. In our trade overseas there was an increase of three per cent in imports and over seven per cent in exports over the figures of 1934, while in re-exports the increase was higher still, manufactured goods amounting to over a quarter as much again as in 1934. The profits of industry have been estimated at 16 per cent higher.

Record in Steel Production

Last year saw the biggest production of steel on record, the ingots and castings reaching nearly ten million tons, *even more than during the war year of 1917, when munition-making was at its height.* The aircraft and motor industries have taken much of this product, but there has been a greater demand from the building industry for new factories and commercial buildings, which are now more important for the building trade than houses. Electric energy from the Grid increased by over 13 per cent; we use three and a half times as much as 13 years ago.

The woollen industry of the West Riding of Yorkshire was working at full pressure, many cotton workers finding new employment in it, for Lancashire's great industry, alas, has not shared in the new prosperity. Rayon (as artificial silk is now called) attained another record, some 30,000,000 more pounds being produced than in 1934.

Last year we increased our trade with the Empire, selling to South Africa, India, and Australia in particular more machinery. South Africa easily led the Dominions in prosperity, mainly owing to the high value of gold. Budget surpluses and expanding revenue have been a welcome feature of her status in the last year or two.

Advancing Australia

Australia had more leeway to make up, but she has remitted nearly £10,000,000 of taxes in the last three years, has made higher payments toward the reduction of her National Debt, has earned more on her State Railways, and has reduced unemployment by half since 1931.

The last Government of New Zealand did much to restore the finances of the country. Cuts in salaries and pensions were restored; imports increased; prices are now up, and the future for wool, dairy produce, and meat is bright.

Canada has a new Liberal Government, and its trade policy should expand its exports still more; last year they were 38 per cent higher than 1933, while imports were 39 per cent over that year. The level of business generally is back to 1926.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Book by William Blake	£1050
Silver tankard and cover, 1657	£604
Small drawing by Mantegna	£520
38 letters by Lawrence of Arabia	£410
Silver porringer, 1680	£327
Pair of Ch'ien Lung jade bowls	£304
Queen Anne walnut bureau	£173
Rudyard Kipling MS	£135
Pair of George II chairs	£105
A silver teapot, 1726	£58
Charles Lamb MS	£56
Pair of taper-sticks, 1718	£40

TSAR'S LAST AUDIENCE

A Russian of the Old School Passes Away

A Russian of the old school who knew Russia under the Tsars has passed away in Alexander Gutchkoff.

To the end his fellow-countrymen who had become exiles with him when the Bolsheviks came looked up to him as a statesman of ability and insight. His flat in Paris was the unofficial Ministry of Russian political exiles. Russians of every shade of opinion came there to see and talk with him.

His political career in Russia has been almost buried by what has happened there since, but he was a leader of the Moderates in the ineffective Duma, and afterwards became its President. When the war came he organised the Russian Red Cross.

A Most Dramatic Day

The Tsar did not like him, and that may account for his failure in what was the most dramatic day of his life. When the fall of the Tsar was approaching, and the writing on the wall was plain for all to see, Gutchkoff and another monarchist were sent to ask him to abdicate in favour of his son.

The Tsar told them he had decided on resignation, not only on his own behalf but for his son as well. They tried to persuade him not to sign away his son's rights, but the Father was supreme over the Tsar and he cut the pleaders short. "I cannot and ought not to part with my son. Goodbye, gentlemen," said the Tsar whom Russians used to call the Little Father.

The resignation was signed. There was no longer a Tsar in Russia; and Gutchkoff, seeing the strength and ruthlessness of the Bolshevik forces arrayed against his Moderate party, left the country for ever.

ICEBERG AHEAD

A Close Miss in the Antarctic Ocean

To have missed striking an iceberg by a few seconds only was the breath-taking experience of the crew of the liner Port Adelaide on a recent voyage.

When the Port Adelaide was following a course from Capetown to Melbourne the second officer one black, foggy night sighted an iceberg 20 feet out of the water almost under the liner's bows.

At once the helm was put hard to port, and as the Port Adelaide swerved aside the iceberg passed abeam only 15 seconds after it had been sighted. Ten minutes later another iceberg was passed.

This happened during what is mid-summer in the southern hemisphere, a time when icebergs which have broken off from the ice-covered regions of the Antarctic continent are drifting northward into the routes of shipping.

THE TRADE THAT VARIES MOST

Ups and Downs of Shipbuilding

No other trade is so much subjected to disastrous variation as shipbuilding.

If we go back to 1902 we find the world launching 2,500,000 tons, but seven years later the figure was only 1,600,000 tons. In 1919 it rose to 7,100,000, only to fall to 1,600,000 again in four years. There was recovery to nearly 3,000,000 tons in 1930, but three years later all the world's shipyards launched only half a million tons. Last year there was recovery to over a million.

Our British yards did a little better last year, rising to the half-million mark, which is better than the almost negligible 133,000 tons in 1933.

Here is surely a matter which the world should tackle in a big way. These variations are absurd and unnecessary.

SHIPS THAT LOSE THE EXTRA DAY

A Short Leap Year For Pacific Voyagers

This year is one of 366 days, but passengers and crews on ships crossing the Pacific from North and South America in January and February will have lost the extra day.

That sounds rather strange until we remember that down the middle of the Pacific Ocean runs the international date line, roughly following the imaginary line shown on the maps as longitude 180 degrees east or west of Greenwich, according to the direction from which one is coming. On one side of the date line we are twelve hours behind Greenwich; on the other side we are twelve hours ahead.

So ships sailing from the Panama Canal to New Zealand, or from the United States or Canada to Australia, New Zealand, China, or Japan, must lose a day when sailing over longitude 180. That means a year of 364 days in ordinary times and of 365 days in leap year.

On the other hand it is possible to gain a day by going round the world from west to east; a point brought home to all readers of Jules Verne's Round the World in Eighty Days. *See World Map*

DING DONG BELL

Tony's in the Well

Never since Alice went down the hole after the White Rabbit was such a fall as that of tiny Tony Nunley, aged 4, and never since Alice's adventure was there so fortunate an escape.

As he was toddling along (he lives at Raunds in Northamptonshire) a pavement suddenly gave way beneath his little feet, and down he went, 60 feet into a disused well, with 10 feet of water at the bottom. Another little boy rushed for assistance, while poor Tony descended into the dark chasm.

Happily his clothes kept him afloat, and soon there came a brave and kindly policeman.

Ladders, ropes, and chains arrived like magic, and down the well went the policeman, to make the happiest arrest that is ever likely to come into his experience. Tony, cold, frightened, and rather exhausted, was brought without further mishap to the surface, and borne off home little the worse for his astonishing adventure.

So all is well—except with the well, which might surely be guarded to save little Tonys from perils like these.

THE DANGER OF DRINK ON THE ROADS

The feeling grows widely that the time will come when drastic action must be taken against motor drivers who are under the influence of alcohol.

We notice that the Chairman of Leicester County Magistrates, Mr Sturgess-Wells, has been referring to the subject at the Annual Licensing Meeting, and we take this from his speech:

It cannot be too widely known that a publican is not under any legal obligation to serve a person with alcoholic liquor. No licence-holder can be prosecuted or even found fault with who declines to serve drink to a customer who, although quite sober, has reached the condition when to yield to his request might render him an unreliable or unsteady driver.

The BBC is said to be considering the possibility of televising the Coronation.

Sanctions having affected the supply of Italian marble, many tons have just been recovered from a creek near Kingsbridge in Devon, where a sailing ship bringing a cargo from Italy was wrecked 55 years ago.

THE POT BOILS OVER IN PARAGUAY

Much Firing But Little Harm

A PRESIDENT RESIGNS BY WIRELESS

Paraguay has had a revolution comic enough to account for some of the fiction so often spun round the South American republics.

When the President, Don Ayala, and the Army Commander, General Estigarribia, heard that a rising had begun they lost no time. From the refuge of a river gunboat the President wirelessed his resignation. It was his last word to the rebels.

They could hardly ask for more, but they may, because the revolution has for its backbone the men who took part in the war against Bolivia. Their pay is in arrears, and when President Ayala recently toured the country he was howled down by bands of these dissatisfied warriors, who shouted, "We don't want speeches; we want bread."

War Does Not Pay

Paraguay, like many more advanced countries, is learning the bitter truth that war does not pay. It fought its neighbour Bolivia for a narrow barren strip of country, the Chaco (which may or may not have had oil in it), and it fought well; but when the war was over both republics were worse off than before, and the gallant army starved. While the fighting was on General Estigarribia was called the Silent General and was much applauded; he is now a prisoner.

On the whole it seems to have been a rather peaceful revolution, with a good deal of firing but not much harm done. Colonel Franco, who was the man behind the scene, and two other colonels seem to be in charge at the time of writing, but none can tell what will happen when a South American republic substitutes a revolution for a General Election.

We should congratulate ourselves that in our constitutional land political differences are settled in a less violent way, and that our Baldwins and Snowdens and Ramsay MacDonalds can agree to differ without resorting to revolvers or gunboats.

OXFORD AND THE NAZIS

Why It Will Not Go To Heidelberg

UNIVERSITIES IN CHAINS

Oxford has refused to send a representative to the Heidelberg University celebrations of its 550th anniversary.

The action has been taken with deep regret, but it has been felt that it would be wrong for Oxford to give the impression that it approves of the political tyranny now being exercised over learning by the Hitler Government and accepted by the University authorities.

It is felt also that what Oxford was invited to take part in was the celebration of the disastrous changes that have done so much to destroy academic freedom in Germany.

The number of teachers in German universities and higher seats of learning is about 7000, and since 1933 over 1300 have been dismissed for political reasons, on the ridiculous charge of "racial contamination," which is at the bottom of the Nazi system.

Only a few months ago a Heidelberg celebration was made an occasion for astounding speeches in praise of this new tyranny, and Oxford is anxious that its representatives shall not be trapped into taking part in any offensive celebrations of this kind, which are a menace to learning and to liberty, too. Nothing could be more harmful for the world than that its universities should be bound in chains.

WHAT WE PAY

Astonishing Food Tax Figures

ENORMOUS TOBACCO BILL

The Treasury has just stated in Parliament how much our people pay per head in food, drink, and tobacco taxes.

The average person (from babies to the oldest among us) was *taxed* as follows:

On Food bought	14s 7d
On Drink bought	43s 9d
On Tobacco bought.. ..	30s 7d

If we express this in families of four persons we get per family:

Taxes on Food	£2 18s 4d
Taxes on Drink	£8 15s 0d
Taxes on Tobacco ..	£6 2s 4d

These are astonishing figures, but they do not include the protective effect of import duties on food which raise the prices of so many articles.

The drink and tobacco levies are surprising enough treated as averages; but they are more so when we reflect that many people never touch alcohol or tobacco, while many more consume very little of these things. It is clear that some families must pay very big sums in drink and tobacco taxes.

The advertising of beer and tobacco has now reached extravagant levels, and it has been proposed in the House of Lords that it should be prohibited here, as it is in America, where alcohol is never advertised.

CARRYING ON WITH THE GAMES

The enterprising Education Committee of the L C C propose to extend their experiments in opening school play-grounds after school hours.

In the summer 50 playgrounds will thus be used, with special supervisors and games leaders.

An interesting experiment has been to floodlight the playgrounds, and this appears to be successful.

A STREAM OF LAVA FLOWS TO THE SEA

Remarkable Scene on Tin Can Island

Imagine a stream of molten rock two miles wide flowing down the slopes of a volcano and into the sea.

That is what has happened on the little Pacific island of Niuafoou. Sometimes this island is referred to as Tin Can Island because of the custom of floating mails ashore or out to a passing ship by enclosing the mailbag in a tin can attached to a spar.

Niuafoou is really a huge volcanic crater 30 miles round and rising to 600 feet at its highest point. From time to time volcanic eruptions occur, but the islanders get used to this. There are 1200 natives of the Tonga Islands race living on Niuafoou Island, which is covered by native bush and coconut plantations.

Four small craters have been in eruption, with the result that a stream of lava with a two-mile front flowed down to the sea. A mile out from the land steam was seen rising from the water.

Fortunately no lives were lost, but the natives abandoned two of their villages.

See World Map

THE GLASS OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

We read that the famous Chartres Cathedral would be so terribly exposed to risk in case of war in the air that already the master glaziers of the town have undertaken to form a corps of 350 experts who in time of need could remove its 7500 panels of superb old glass.

They would have iron frames and scaffolding ready, they say, so that they would be able to transport the treasure to safety in two hours.

A NEW ROAD THROUGH AN OLD MOUNTAIN

Opening Up New Zealand's Fiords To Tourists

By the end of next year engineers hope to have bored a tunnel 4000 feet long and several thousand feet above sea-level in the loneliest corner of New Zealand.

This new tunnel will take motor traffic from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound, thus opening up some of the finest forest, lake, and mountain scenery of the Dominion. Milford Sound is one of a number of land-locked inlets in a rugged coastline at the extreme south-western corner of New Zealand. Because of its resemblance to the coast of Norway this district has been called the Fiordland of New Zealand.

Before the tunnel can be started the engineers have to make careful preparations. Electric power to drive the machines that will drill through nearly a mile of rock is being supplied by turbines specially made overseas and transported by steamer, rail, and road to the site of the tunnel, which is many miles from the nearest settlement. A 30-inch pipeline has been laid to supply water to drive the turbines, and a little village built for the workmen.

In the near future tourists will be able to motor through the new tunnel to Milford Sound. At present sightseers have to travel by ship or tramp over the forest-clad mountains.

See World Map

CAUGHT

A Devon man who offered for sale two greenfinches and two goldfinches is now £4 2s out of pocket, for he was fined £2 and had to pay £2 2s costs.

We hope that all who try to make money by putting our wild birds into cages will find it equally unprofitable.

A ROOSEVELT TRIUMPH

State Power Supply Legal

ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST ENGINEERING SCHEMES

It seems a little refreshing when the Supreme Court of the United States decides in favour of Mr Roosevelt.

After so many defeats on his New Deal policy the President has scored a great triumph for his public electrical power supply scheme, the Tennessee Valley Authority.

This national scheme deals with an area nearly as big as England, and is designed to furnish a magnificent power supply while remedying the evil of land erosion.

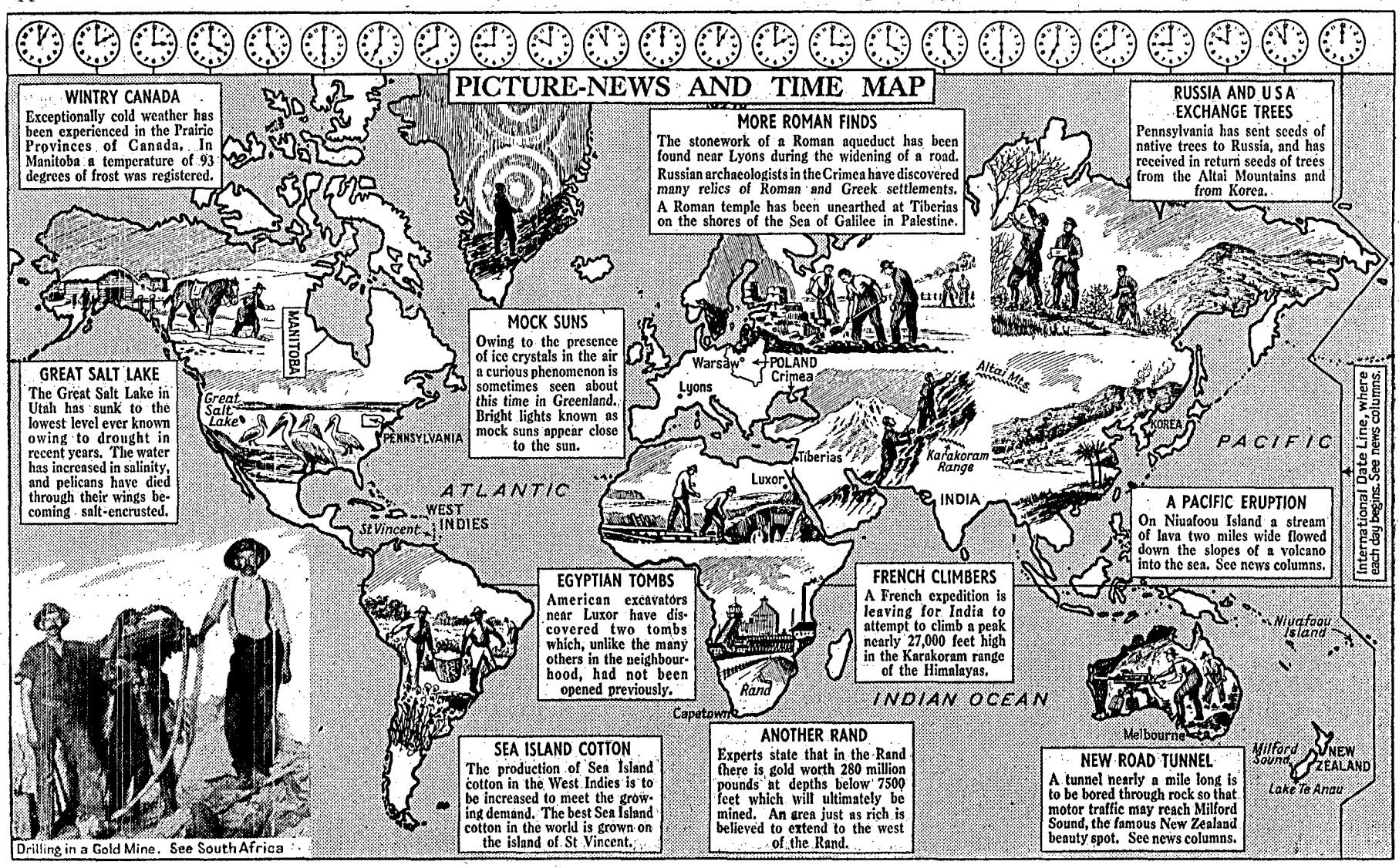
Private power interests are bitterly opposed to the Government work, and the decision of the Supreme Court means that the Government can build electrical dams anywhere in America; sell the current produced at such works; and erect transmission cables to markets.

Of nine judges only one dissented, and the decision affects a very different matter from that which wrecked the National Recovery Act. While one case referred to taxing one section of the community to benefit another, the other is a matter of the State's right to build dams and sell current.

The Tennessee scheme has already involved an expenditure of £47,000,000, and some £30,000,000 more is needed to complete it. It is one of the biggest engineering schemes in the world.

COLOURS FOR THE QUEEN MARY

Thirteen miles of fabrics are being used to decorate the Queen Mary; they have been made by 20 firms and chosen from over 10,000 designs. For the bedrooms nearly 100 colour schemes have been adopted.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
FEBRUARY 29 ❀ ❀ 1936

Who Wants an Enemy?

THE art of making enemies is easily practised, whether in private or in public life, and it may be counted among the chief faults of human nature.

Not a few great men, great in everything but consideration for other people's feelings, have failed in life because of it.

And, while some natures are prone to create antagonism, there was never a successful man who, whatever his qualities, failed to be pursued by those who envy success. In public affairs this embitters the lives of many statesmen, and in international affairs it reaches such lengths as to bring war.

Thus it is undeniable that the astonishing rise of Herr Hitler has made him many enemies abroad; his errors are dwelt upon, and his virtues, his honesty of purpose, are buried in abuse. Perhaps it is largely because of the cruelty of his regime, for the Nazi persecution of the Jews is properly viewed with abhorrence by most thinking men; but we are apt to forget that it is not so very long since Jews suffered severe disabilities even in our own land.

Whatever the cause may be, the hostility to Nazi Germany is an obvious misfortune for the world. The Germans are entitled to their own form of government, and if they like to make a hero of Hitler have we a right to question their obedience?

If the world is in a tumult the more need there is to keep cool heads and to refrain from passing judgment unless we have full knowledge.

Let us ask ourselves how much we know of our own land. What does the suburban Londoner know of South Wales or the Glasgow citizen of Cornwall? If good information is so hard to come by in our own country should we not think twice before we criticise the institutions of a land we have never seen and whose language we cannot speak?

Enemies? There need be none if we are wise; but there may be many if our papers go out of their way to print all that seems bad and refrain from printing what is good.

Europe is becoming increasingly embittered. Its war camps increase; its cartoons grow coarse and malignant; its statesmen are too often tempted to gain applause by abuse and wild talk.

There is a great virtue called Tolerance which should lead us always *to seek to understand.* To understand all, said a great Frenchman, is to pardon all. Let us seek to understand, and, while seeking, pause before we condemn.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Black Spot on the Red Cross

THE head of the Bavarian Red Cross has issued an order forbidding Jewish doctors to work in Red Cross hospitals.

Is it not the meanest thing that ever was known since the days of medieval barbarism, and would it not be better for the Red Cross to abolish all its German branches rather than such a thing should happen?

❀

There Was a Child Went Forth

This story comes to us, a little late, from a citizen of Bath.

ONE day Kipling was walking down Milsom Street in Bath when he saw a little girl and her mother coming toward him.

There was something in the child that arrested his attention; perhaps she may have reminded him of his own daughter at a similar age, to whose memory he had written the "Just So Stories."

He stopped and spoke to the mother and passed on.

When next her birthday came the postman had a parcel for the little girl, who opened it and found a book from her friend of Milsom Street, with his famous name inside it. Nor was this all, for every birthday brought the same welcome gift, a book from the writer to whom children were so dear and for whom he wrote such entrancing stories.

❀

Kipling's Mother

PEOPLE still write to The Times about Kipling's father, but who has mentioned his mother? Yet we remember that in 1902 a little pale blue book was published called Hand in Hand, made up of verses by Kipling's mother and his sister. The thing is a treasure. What sympathy the boy Rudyard must have had at home! We quote just four lines from a piece called A Whisper, by Mrs Kipling:

There was never a soul so wholly sad
But it found some moment to be glad;
There was never a heart so full of care
But it had one hope to cheat despair.

❀

Good From Evil

OUT of the Crimean War we got nursing, led by Florence Nightingale. Out of the Boer War we got the Scout movement. Out of the Great War we have Toc H.

A writer in Derby Telegraph

❀

Vivid Learning

WE are glad to learn that a British company making educational films which began work with a projected output of one picture a week has now more than doubled its production.

We may hope that soon every school will own a projector, so that geography, history, and science may be taught with a vividness and efficiency unknown to the fathers of this generation.

The Eight Happinesses

THE Chinese have always spoken of the Beatitudes in St Matthew's Gospel as the Eight Happinesses.

At a meeting in Tientsin not long ago they were read in seven tongues. First of all the Chinese read in his version, then an English missionary read in Latin and in English, followed by a modern Greek, a Japanese, and a Swiss reading in French and then in German. The meeting was broadcast, and what struck many people as hopeful for the future was that Chinese and Japanese stood side by side to read.

Blessed are the Peacemakers.

❀

Tip-Cat

A BRIDGE gave pedestrians a shock by swaying in the wind. They got over it.

⊡

CHILDREN cannot be made to listen to music and appreciate it. They prefer to play.

⊡

TO do housework properly one needs plenty of light. But that doesn't make it light.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If this year leaps for joy

⊡

CHILDREN should be encouraged to speak out. But not to butt in.

⊡

IN primitive times messages were inscribed on stones. It must have been hard to break the news.

⊡

SCHOOLBOYS throw their money away. Then they catch it.

⊡

A RAISED roadway is to be built at a London suburb. A real high street.

❀

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THERE are 13 villages in Devon that have no publichouses.

ABOUT 120,000 tulips have been planted in the London parks.

AN unknown friend has sent £5000 to St John's School, Leatherhead.

THE latest road casualties were the lowest since figures have been taken.

JUST AN IDEA

Surely this is one of the best things ever said: He formed the habit of reading and thus provided himself with a refuge from all the distresses of life.

In Abyssinia 160 Years Ago

About 160 years ago Abyssinia was in the news, though there were no great newspapers to tell its story to the world. This is what one of our explorers, James Bruce, wrote then of the discovery he made there, the discovery of the source of the Nile.

LOOK at the hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot, said Waldo. It is in that that the two fountains of the Nile are to be found.

If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes, for these people are all pagans, and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day as if it were God.

It is easier to imagine than to describe my mind at the moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years!

Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out to every individual of the myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign.

Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies.

❀

The Little White House

A LITTLE Swedish poem tells of a cherry tree which gallantly flaunted its white blossoms over a land devastated by shell fire.

The same courage in the face of overwhelming odds is symbolised by a modest white house seen by a traveller in that much-tried borderland between the French and the German frontier. The house has a tablet attached to it with this inscription:

LA MAISON BLANCHE
Built in 1735
Destroyed by the Coalition Troops in 1792
Rebuilt during the Time of the Consulate
Plundered by the Russians in 1814
Burned to the ground by the Germans in 1815
Rebuilt in 1833
Burned by the Bavarians in 1870
Rebuilt in 1913
Demolished by the Germans in 1916
Rebuilt in 1927

Will all our war-mongers please note the story of this little white house?

How long, O Lord, how long?

❀

A Word From Shakespeare

On a Very Great Man in His Own Esteem

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. Coriolanus

NO UNHOLY BOMBS ON HOLY ISLAND

Air Ministry Thinks Again

A CHANGE OF HEART

Holy Island has been spared. The Air Ministry has had a change of heart and will drop its bombs elsewhere.

Here was a cradle of English Christianity. Here came St Aidan from Iona. Here lived St Cuthbert to lie by the side of the altar of the Abbey Church of Lindisfarne. Here is the abode of ancient peace; and, if it is true that none ever wholly die who are remembered, we may like to think that the spirits of those holy men of long ago are rejoicing to think that their sanctuary is to be kept inviolate.

Though St Aidan and St Cuthbert have passed on, their spirit lives in England. It may be humble, but it is firm to resist what it believes to be wrong, and we may thank good men like the Bishop of Newcastle, Professor G. M. Trevelyan, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Crawford, who so perseveringly stood up against the power of the Air Ministry and refused to believe when it declared that no harm would be done, or if there were it could not be helped.

No Exploding Bombs

At any rate, no harm will be done now, and it would be ungrateful not to thank Lord Swinton and the Air Ministry for allowing themselves to be persuaded that bombing could be better done elsewhere. It is a sad necessity that it has to be done anywhere, and the fishermen of Druridge Bay, another place on the Northumberland coast, will not be pleased to welcome the Royal Air Force when its bombing range is established near their fishery. But a promise has been made that there is to be no bombing with exploding bombs, and the chief noise will be that of the machine guns and the aeroplane engines.

These ought not to frighten the fish so much as they certainly would have frightened the sea birds which, on the Farne Islands, are neighbours to Holy Isle.

MARY'S NIGHT UP

Mary Shave had the time of her eight-year-old life the other day when she was one of the 338 passengers stuck for three hours on the rocks off Portland Bill in the Winchester Castle.

While most of the people on board were anxiously wondering whether they would have to set out in the lifeboats Mary was jubilant because it meant that she could stay up all night. She spent the time writing to her nine-year-old brother, with an occasional interval to go and see what was happening, and this is what she wrote:

Dear Codner, our steward popped me out of bed at eight o'clock tonight because the ship had stuck in some mud. They quickly put on my lifebelt, and I ran on to the deck.

I am writing this letter to you at twelve o'clock in the night. We have to stay up all night. The tugs are pulling with all their might, trying to pull us out. They have just got us out of the mud. We are very near England, and I can see it quite plainly with all the lights.

The alarms have been ringing. It has been making a terrible noise. There are lots of ships near us, trying to pull us out. We are going to sit up all night. We are not going to bed.

It might be in the paper. I wish you would look in the paper these few days and see if you can see it. I would like you to. I will be saying goodbye now. With lots of love from Mary.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Altai	Ahl-**ty**
Coriolanus	**Ko**-re-o-**lay**-nus
Laplace	Lah-**plahce**
Riga	**Ree**-gah
Salzburg	**Zahlts**-boorg
Tiberias	**Ti**-**be**-re-as
Tientsin	Te-**en**-tseen

Can America Last For Another Hundred Years?

For three centuries Americans have been scratching the soil of their vast continent, reaping high rewards from its abounding fruitfulness. Will it last them another 100 years?

Congress was last week engaged in hurrying forward a measure for saving the soil, a very vital matter for farmers and all concerned.

Extending almost from the Pole to the Equator, bounded by two oceans, watered by immense rivers, possessing unsurpassed forests and lakes, mountains and plains, it has offered commensurate rewards to the pioneers who explored it and the followers who exploited it. But can this happy state of things continue, or will the unconsidered extravagance which drove the millions of bison from the prairies, and later cut down the forests, bring the rich land to poverty?

Last year tremendous dust storms, bringing distress to 300,000 square miles and blowing over all Kansas, Nebraska, and Wyoming, and parts of Colorado, Iowa, Missouri, and Oklahoma, raised afresh and in a more arresting form the threat to the agricultural land, arising in the first place from the destruction of the forests.

Forests and Rainfall

Forests preserve the soil of a country or a continent in two ways. They conserve the rainfall, of which they are natural reservoirs, and they act as windbreaks to prevent the spread of sand or dust from desert areas over more fertile grasslands. Wind is even more powerful than water in carving the surface of dry lands. It is suggested that the mighty canyons of Colorado owe their origin as much to windborne desert sand as to the rivers flowing through them.

Wherever forests have been removed dry and desert areas have succeeded them. On the edge of a sandy desert the forward movement of the sand dunes under the influence of the wind has often devastated areas which once were fertile. In Mongolia, in Egypt, and Syria ancient buildings and cities have been buried beneath the sand.

Another destructive influence is at work in America, as in Africa and parts of Australia, and as formerly in Asia. It is man himself as a tiller of the soil.

When the soil is tilled, whether it is prairie or steppe, its upper surface, bound together by the roots of grasses, is removed and the way made easy for the wind to remove the alluvial soil, till little or nothing is left above the arid sand or gravel below.

Left to herself Nature may redress the balance by resowing the desert area with grass seed, but her operations are very slow, taking thousands of years, whereas impatient man cannot wait. What is taking place in America is that, through improvident farming, the American people have pillaged their soil. Over vast areas the protective sod cover has been removed. In both moist and dry areas modes of pasturing and agriculture have been practised which invite the breaking-up of the soil. When this has gone on beyond a certain point soils can be restored only after the passage of centuries. It is said that at the present rate of spoliation only 150 million acres of really fertile land will remain in America by the end of this century.

That we cannot believe, because the energetic American people, once awakened to the consequences of what is now going on, will take steps to reinstate their burned-down and cut-down forests and to limit the reckless agriculture which, having despoiled one area and left a wrack behind, moves on to another to repeat the process. But the sands are running out, or, as might also be said, are coming on. North America is losing its soil area with dismaying rapidity. The old tale of the exhaustion of the land in the eastern States is being told again in the west.

What the American people do not realise, though their scientific men know it well enough, is that theirs is not a permanent country, a land of frequent and gentle rainfall like Europe, but resembles the continental areas of North Africa and mid-Asia. In all three are deserts waiting like the wolf at the door of civilisation.

China as a Warning

China might serve as a warning to America. In that eastern Asiatic land there is a continual struggle to retain and cultivate the scant remains of once ample soils. North China survives because of the extraordinary natural freak of the loess soils. The loess, often 1000 feet deep, and a fine yellowish loam, spread all over Asia from Turkestan almost to the Yellow Sea, is believed to be a glacial deposit which is a legacy of the Ice Age. It was blown ever farther and farther east by the power of the wind, and it might serve as an example of the way in which Nature balances profit and loss.

There is no loess in North America, except such as was deposited deep below the present soil in the Mississippi Valley after a much earlier Ice Age of another geological period. North America can expect no such bonus after losing its capital of the magnificent soil it inherited. No country has proved permanent under the climatic conditions which America inherited. Some, like Korea and China, seeing the writing on the wall, have striven too late to keep what they were evidently losing. It is not too late for America to make a better and more successful stand.

The Travelling Grasshopper

Animals and birds, pets of their owners, have travelled overseas often enough, but surely few stranger pets have made so long a journey as Mary, a Queensland grasshopper.

Mary is the pet of the master of the British motorship Orari, and the second officer takes his turn in looking after her. She hopped on board the Orari in June last year when the ship was berthed at Gladstone. Hopping and flying she reached the chart room. Her journey was adventurous, and when finally she hopped on to the chart table her hind legs were missing.

Captain J. G. Allmond, master of the Orari, saw the terrified little creature and picked it up. He put it in a cage, gave it a lettuce leaf, and named it Mary.

Mary settled down to her first meal at sea with none of those qualms that often assail new chums. Perhaps she got her sea legs so quickly because she had only two to get. Whatever it was the grasshopper flourished at sea. The Orari was bound for England, but nobody dreamed that Mary would survive the long voyage. She surprised everyone. The Tropics did not worry her at all, nor did the cold and damp of an English autumn.

Back in Australia (at Melbourne) for the summer heat, which all grasshoppers love, Mary received quite a deputation in the chart room. She could not give her impressions of her 20,000-miles journey, but by the vigorous manner in which she attacked a piece of apple given to her by the second officer she proved that she had become thoroughly used to shipboard fare. She posed for her photograph on the officer's hand and showed not the slightest desire to hop away to freedom.

But now the Orari has gone on to Queensland, and the question is: Will Mary desert ship when she gets back once more to her native land?

A MAN AND 1000 FROGS

A Public Benefactor Among the Insects

Froggy is the unofficial insect hunter of our tropical possessions.

Mr Ivan Sanderson, a zoological collector in the British Cameroons, has described to the Zoological Society what frogs do there in keeping down the insect pests. He collected 1000 frogs of 46 kinds, and found that two-thirds of the number kept to areas where a particular kind of vegetation grew. They did so because the vegetation was the food of particular insects, and enormous numbers of these insects were eaten by the frogs.

Few insects are harmless. Some, like the anopheles mosquito, carry malaria, others the germ of yellow fever. Flies carry sleeping sickness, and sandfly fever shows by its name the cause of the pest. There are other insect pests of valuable tropical plants, and the insect in these tropical lands may be classed as Public Enemy Number One. The frog is Public Benefactor of the same order.

When the Forest is Cleared

But there is another aspect of the frog's life and career. He flourishes and does his protective work in the cover of the forest. As soon as the forest is cleared the frog population drops, and at the same time the number of species of frogs declines. This number falls from 28 species to 15 when plain forest is cleared. When mountain forest goes, giving place to grass the forerunner of desert, all the frogs go with it except three species. The fewer the species, the fewer are the insects eaten.

It may not be practicable to keep forests for the sake of frogs, but Mr Sanderson thinks frogs should be kept for the sake of crops.

As some advertisements used to say of emigrants, their passages should be assisted and work found for them.

A GOOD HOME FOR THE OLD PIANO

When the Prime Minister Ran Up the Scale

Mr and Mrs Baldwin had been looking round for a good home for their old piano when the opportunity came of giving it to the new hostel for girls in Oakley Street, Chelsea.

This piano has a story, and Mrs Baldwin told it when she opened the hostel.

It started life in the home of the four Macdonald sisters. On it they played their duets, and to it they sang their madrigals and trios, and when one married Burne-Jones, another Sir Edward Poynter, and another Kipling's father, the fourth married Mr Alfred Baldwin and took the piano with her.

On it her young son Stanley thumped out The Bluebells of Scotland and The Merry Peasant, and when he grew up Scotland's bluebells were made to ring out on it again by his two sons and four daughters.

What a proud possession this is for the girls in Oakley Street! If it is played too loudly we hope the neighbours will remember that this is no ordinary piano which is disturbing their peace, but one that has supported the first music lessons of our Prime Minister and the elegant figure of Burne-Jones, who, we feel sure, must have leaned against it lost in admiration of its fair player.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home

Doctors of the Future in a Rugby Scrum

The break-up of a scrum in the match at Richmond last week between St Mary's Hospital and a Royal Dental and Charing Cross Hospitals team.

THE JUBILEE THAT NOBODY KEPT

Aluminium is 25

At the British Industries Fair the housewives sought out the aluminium saucepan. It had quite put out of countenance the old tin pot and kettle.

Who would have thought, when Charles Martin Hall brought out his method of obtaining the metal from its oxide by electricity 25 years ago, that it would rise to its present height and power?

Only a few years before then aluminium was almost a toy metal; it is now fifth in tonnage of the world's useful metals, surpassed only by iron, copper, lead, and zinc. Its rise has been due to its alloys, which give it a strength equal to that of steel; and unlike iron it is secure against corrosion. Part of its future is in the air, where its lightness, added to its new-found strength, has fitted it for aeroplane wings, motors, and fuselage. It plays a part on the ocean wave. The yacht Rainbow which kept the America's Cup had a mast of aluminium alloy. A cruising steam yacht has been built of it.

It has many other uses. Crumpled aluminium foil is employed as an insulator in electric wiring. Ships have aluminium plating. Violins have bridges made of it, and some day we expect to see an aluminium suspension bridge over a river. But its highest merit is that there is so much of it. It is twice as plentiful as iron.

FOREST HOLDINGS FOR 1000 MEN

The Forestry Commissioners have acquired 200,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of the distressed areas, and will provide for the establishment of a thousand forest workers' holdings.

The Government is increasing the grant in aid of forestry to £300,000 a year, which will enable the Commissioners to expand their ordinary planting to 30,000 acres a year, half as much again as in recent years.

A FRIENDLY STEP WITH THE FREE STATE

Helping One Another

One more friendly step has been taken between this country and the Irish Free State.

Arrangements have been taken which will remove at least part of the bitterness which has existed for four years between the Irish Free State and this country. Their mutual trading has been made more free.

A year ago an agreement was made for the exchange of an equal value of coal and cattle, the result being to double the quantity of coal supplied by us in spite of an import tax of 5s a ton. Last month the Free State withdrew this tax, and now both countries have agreed to reduce their duties against each other.

On our part we have lowered by a quarter or a half our duties on Irish meat and live animals, and have increased the quota for pigs and bacon. The Free State has reduced the duties on our iron and steel products, electrical goods, cycles, and sugar, while she has promised to take a third of her cement from us.

Mutual trade induces political friendship, and the freer the trade the deeper the friendship between nations.

FOUR LARKS IN A BAG

The cruel practice of snaring wild birds will soon be stamped out, thanks to the new Act, but still cruelty goes on.

The latest ruse of certain dealers is to capture wild birds and place rings over their feet, pretending they are aviary birds; but such tricks are easily detected because of the tameness of birds bred in captivity.

Two men were fined at Liverpool the other day for catching larks. A policeman saw one in a field, and near him were two snares made of string and horsehair in which were entangled two terrified skylarks.

He set them free, and then noticed the other man wheeling away a truck. On it was a small sack, and inside the policeman found four live skylarks.

NATURE'S ENGINES RE-START

Spring is Not Far Behind

The terrible weather of the middle of the month is now mostly remembered by the few who keep the records. Nature helps the rest of us to forget.

The change that has come over the landscape is like that of some titanic film slowly revealing natural processes, unfolding wonder after wonder as we sit and watch.

Frost penetrated the ground a foot deep, yet it seems to have done little harm to anything in the soil. There lay the seeds, some sown by Nature, others by the husbandman last autumn. They slept unhurt through all the rigours of the weather, and sun and warm rains come for them again.

The mere retarding of their growth seems to be balanced by the rush of activity which has followed. The seeds burst, and with cumulative force thrust aside the tightly-packed soil, as the leading shoot makes its way up toward the light, and the root goes wandering in search of nourishment deeper in the earth. Nature's engines have restarted; grass is growing for the cattle, buds are swelling on the trees and bushes, with promise of flower and fruit to come.

Men are hastening with spring sowings where ground was left fallow for the winter, but the seeds and plants and bulbs which have been in the soil during all the bitter weather will be the earliest and the strongest; the first glad things to beautify our fields and gardens, singing a song of spring days coming sweet and fragrant up to us from the smiling south.

THE MOVING BELT

The moving conveyer belt is the symbol of this age of mass production.

In a big new factory just opened at Perivale in Middlesex a conveyer belt runs the whole length of the building, and on it radio sets are built up piece by piece as the belt moves slowly along in front of a row of workers, each worker having a particular task to perform. In this way four radio sets are completed each minute of the working day.

WAS EVER SUCH COURAGE AS THIS?

The Daring Surgeon and the Heroic Engineer

An astonishing story of great courage and daring comes from across the Atlantic.

Standing on the topmost rungs of a 60-feet fire-escape ladder an American surgeon performed an operation and saved a man's life.

The fact could hardly be believed if it were not for the strangeness of the events which made the operation necessary in such a place and in such a way. A crane engineer in Lowell, Massachusetts, was working his crane when it collapsed and remained dangling with the engineer pinned in his cab by a steel beam which had pierced his arm.

The Lowell fire brigade was called and a ladder run up to the dangling cab. It was seen that the only way to get the man out was to cut off his arm. They burned a hole in the side of the cab with an oxy-acetylene torch and sent for Dr Norman Long, a surgeon. But no one thought the engineer could live, for, added to the other terrors of the situation, the temperature had fallen below zero.

But the surgeon attempted and performed the impossible, while the engineer submitted to the ordeal with a cheerfulness which was the most wonderful thing of all. The surgeon clinging to the vibrating ladder had to thrust his surgical instruments through the hole in the cabin with his one free hand.

At last his task was done and the engineer taken to hospital. There it was found that the bitter cold had helped to staunch the wound, and it is hoped the brave man may recover.

The Royal Air Force has been hold

BEAUTIFUL THINGS FOR EVERY DAY

An Exhibition Going on Tour

WILL THE MINT AND THE G P O PLEASE GO?

"You are charged with the great and honourable duty of educating the people of your country to better living," said our King to the Royal Institute of British Architects a year ago, when he was still Prince of Wales.

His words have borne fruit in the Exhibition of Everyday Things on view to the public daily at 66 Portland Place, London. After March 14 the Exhibition is going on tour, and we hope that every housewife in England will see it.

It is an exhibition of bright, simple, gay, good things for every room in the house—not for the very poor house or the palaces of the rich, but for the ordinary house of the ordinary family of moderate means. Everything shown can be bought in the ordinary way; the catalogue gives the price, the best handbook for home-makers we have seen.

A few years ago it looked as if Sweden and Denmark had outstripped us in the beautiful designs of their glass and silver, but the lovely English things in this exhibition show that we are catching up.

The furniture section suggests that the Age of Pomposity has passed and the Age of Happiness is here. The bird and animal designs on some of the tiles and cretonnes almost make one laugh aloud: they are so full of life and humour.

The kitchen section is enough to inspire us all to become good cooks. With the gas-cooker folding up into a neat cream-coloured cabinet, and the stainless steel sink with a lid, the modern kitchen takes another stride toward becoming the most attractive room in the house.

The 2000 exhibits of useful and beautiful things in this exhibition were chosen by a committee of 50, 40 men and 10 women, but no housemaids. No housemaid would have admitted so many coffee sets with toppling china pots.

This is the first exhibition of its kind arranged by architects; we hope it is but the first of a series.

Perhaps we may hope the Mint will go to see it and resolve to give us a beautiful coin; or the Post Office, and resolve to give us a beautiful stamp.

Conquering the White Continent

LINCOLN ELLSWORTH'S FLIGHT ACROSS THE ANTARCTIC

LINCOLN ELLSWORTH and Herbert Hollick-Kenyon, having flown the Antarctic continent by plane, found very little to say about it.

When the news that they had been found by the research ship Discovery II at Little America flashed across the world it seemed as if they had risen from the dead. After eight weeks silence they had been almost given up for lost. But when the Discovery's landing party met Hollick-Kenyon strolling on the icy shore (and wearing a clean collar) all that unmoved Londoner said was, "I say, it's awfully decent of you fellows to drop in like this."

That very English greeting will be quoted in the Navy when the details of the flight are being forgotten; but it was a very great adventure, even when smoothed down by Lincoln Ellsworth's modest description of what happened.

The two airmen had kept about a mile and a quarter high at first, their course taking them over rock capped with ice. Mountains were seen in the distance with such regularity that it seemed to them likely that the whole continent had a mountain range as a backbone.

A Happy Landing

They lost contact with their base in the first 24 hours, and it was the unbroken silence which followed that led to the fears for their safety. But, though their flight was not without accident, it did not occur then and it was not a crash. They came down on a vast high plain without a glacier or crevasse to be seen, and found quite good landing ground.

This happy landing was followed by their first turn of ill fortune. A real Antarctic blizzard raged about them for three days, when they dared scarcely move from their sleeping-bags. Ellsworth's toe was frozen, and the damage will last him some time yet, an unpleasant memento of the frozen South.

In a lull of the blast they built a snow wall as a wind break. Then the stove began to leak. The sextant got out of order, which was a greater misfortune because they might lose their way when they got into the air again. With that possibility before them they cut down their food to two pounds a day, a very small allowance for a man when the thermometer is reaching down to zero. After seven days they were able to leave their shelter, but by that time their plane was feeling the cold as much as themselves.

100 Miles on Foot

Its tail was a solid block of ice. They cleared it, but they had a harder job with their frozen engine. At last they started it, and away they went again, keeping nearly two miles high, and hoping their troubles were over. They were not. They ran out of petrol and had to come down. The old base at Little America was really only 16 miles away; but their maps did not tell them that. They got out their sledge, loaded it up, and started to walk for safety.

That sledge journey was the hardest bit of their 2000-mile adventure. They dragged the sledge 100 miles here and there before the derricks at Little America came in sight. We can imagine with what joy and relief they saw them, for there they would find oil and stored provisions and could sit down in patience to wait for rescue.

It came at last, as we know, and while waiting they made the best of things, though Ellsworth caught that very rare thing in the Antarctic, a bad cold, and his frozen foot laid him by the heels. Hollick-Kenyon was in better trim, and to keep himself fit he melted ice to take a cold bath each day.

At long last they saw one day a plane hovering above their quarters. It dropped on them, like manna from the skies, orange juice in tins, chocolate, and raisins. Ellsworth was asleep, and his companion woke him to this wondrous sight.

The next day Hollick-Kenyon went alone to the shore and saw the Discovery's men coming ashore. He hailed them, and the party went back to the hut. Ellsworth, impatient for his companion's return, limped to meet them. He says that what he saw looked like an army of men approaching, but they were only five.

At the hut they had a merry feast, and all went back to the ship. There Ellsworth told the tale of their flight. He described the mountain chain which he believes to be a continuation of the ridge running down America; and the landing-places for planes on the central plateau.

But according to his own account the crown of his journey was the hot bath he had on the Discovery.

PEPYS

There is to be a great rebuilding near St Bride's, within a stone's throw of the C N office. It will affect the site of the birthplace of Samuel Pepys.

In connection with the coming change a notable thing is referred to in the London Letter of the Manchester Guardian, which so often contains items of London interest never found in the London papers.

It appears that in the title-deeds of the site the name of the Diarist's family is spelled Peepes.

This spelling has been taken to settle the pronunciation of the name in Pepys's time, however it may vary in modern practice.

The Flying Men Come Down To Earth

winter air exercises over south-east England. In this picture we see some of the pilots of an attacking squadron walking from their machines after landing at Biggin Hill aerodrome.

100 LORRIES FOR AN EXILE

CARAVAN RIDE OF 90 DAYS

The Vain Search For a Child and the Return of the Wanderer

STRANGE STORY

From the Far East comes the strange news that China is sending the Buddhist Tashi Lama to Tibet.

The return of the exile will be stranger than this mysterious step. The Chinese Government has sent a hundred lorries to Kokonan, north-west of Peking, where for eleven years the Lama has lived peacefully in exile; and these will take him and his priests and monks and attendants south of Mongolia to the sacred land of Tibet.

It will be a 90-days journey at least, and nothing but the power and prestige of China could make it safe. The caravan escorting the holy man will cross mountain and desert, swamp and river. Bitter winds and dust-storms will harass it. It will be, as St Paul said of his journeys, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness.

The Sought-For Child

The strong arm of China will protect it; but stronger still will be the reverence of wild Asia for the holy man. He stands second only to the Dalai Lama of Tibet; but the last Dalai Lama is dead, and all the efforts of the Lhasa priesthood and the nobles and notables of Tibet have failed to find his successor.

The priesthood has been scouring the land to find the holy child, born in the hour of the Dalai Lama's passing and enshrining in his infant body the soul of the departed. Such is the Buddhist belief; but the child has not been found. The thoughts of the Tibetans have turned to the Tashi Lama who, when Lhasa was torn by dangerous quarrels eleven years ago, fled from his country and found a refuge in China.

Going Back Like a King

There he has remained, revered and accounted exceedingly wise. We are left wondering why he should have resolved at last to go back. He has disregarded till now invitations from Lhasa, his spiritual home. He goes back now like a king.

The explanation lies in the importance of Lhasa to all Asia. It is the seat of the doctrine of Buddhism, which in Tibet has taken the form of Lamaism. Buddhism once held all Asia in thrall with a religion believing in a Supreme Being with representatives on Earth. Gautama was the fourth human Buddha who by example and precept was a saviour of the world. The fifth Buddha is yet to appear.

Through all Buddhism runs the idea of re-birth, seen in the expectation that the Dalai Lama will be re-born in a child. In Tibet, which received Buddhism from India in the seventh century, the doctrine is preserved almost unaltered.

Precious Conquerors

In the 15th century a reforming monk from the North-west Provinces established it firmly in Lhasa, and, building the chief of the great monasteries there, made the Church of Tibet dominant in the East. Two centuries later a special form of reincarnation was introduced by the Abbot of the Depung Monastery, who announced himself as divine.

He took up his abode on the Red Hill of Lhasa, built the Potala, and he and his successors became the Dalai Lamas, whose Tibetan name means precious conquerors.

The influence of Buddhism, preserved and exalted in Tibet, was carried through Mongolia, and has spiritual influence far and wide in Asia. Tibetan Lamaism, with its cathedrals and monasteries, its shaven priests, its prayer-wheels and rosaries, its services and processions, might almost be regarded as the headquarters of the Church of Asia. The Dalai Lama is the Buddhist Pope, his abbots are the cardinals, and it is impossible not to see that Lhasa exerts an influence in the East like that of the Vatican in the West.

So it is that China is helping with the return of the exiled Lama who, in the absence of a Dalai Lama, is the most important man in Tibet.

THE BEST-KNOWN MAN IN JAPAN

Noma and His Papers

In Japan the name of Seiji Noma is better known than that of any general or politician.

He is Japan's storyteller, and the story he tells of his own life will be read by millions who take in his nine magazines and his newspaper, one of the most important in the land, the Hochi Shimbun, one of Tokyo's oldest dailies.

His success and popularity have led many to call him the Northcliffe of Japan, though except in industry and energy there is not much comparison between the two. When Alfred Harmsworth, with a goodly array of successful publications behind him, was launching a new sort of newspaper in London Seiji Noma was struggling with his first venture at the University of Tokyo.

Stories For the Masses

It was there that his first great idea came to him. Japanese students were all eager to speak at their Debating Society. Noma hit on the plan of a magazine which would contain their speeches.

From one printer to another he plodded. They all listened courteously, and as politely turned him down. Then one day he picked up the telephone, selected a publishing house at random, told his tale, and almost dropped in a faint when he heard the manager's reply, "Yes, we will take it."

The magazine got into print, sold like wildfire, and then began to fade away. But Seiji could not be discouraged now. He had a still better idea. He would tell the tale in a different way.

At that time Japanese literature was for the educated Japanese. But, like Alfred Harmsworth, this young Japanese perceived that outside highly educated circles was a vast audience waiting for something to read.

These were the common people, who had listened like their fathers and grandfathers before them to the legends of the professional storytellers. Why not print these stories for the masses?

Business Push and Energy

So the second magazine saw the light. It was a splendid idea, but it had a hard struggle to make itself known. But he would not give up, even when other people stole his idea and published imitations, or when the professional storytellers went on strike, refusing to let him take down any more of their stories.

This resistless young Japanese worked night and day, and at last he succeeded.

That was his beginning. He went on from magazine to magazine, magazines for the household, magazines for the grown-up people, and a magazine for children. His last one is called the King because it is larger than all the others. A million copies are published of it.

Such is the story of business push and energy in the land of the Peach Blossom. In his biography, where Noma makes no secret of his failings or his weaknesses, there are two sentences which reveal his strength. He believes in the goodness of human nature.

He says that there is nothing in the world you can really call a calamity. What looks like a calamity is a benefaction when you remove its mask.

Continued from the previous column

300 YEARS OF SWEDEN'S P O

Stamps Which Tell Its Story

In Sweden 300 years ago this month a Post Office Ordinance was issued bringing about an organised postal system.

Sweden was the fourth country in Europe to have a Government Post Office, the earlier ones being France, Denmark, and England. To celebrate its 300th anniversary the Swedish Post Office has just issued a set of twelve stamps of values 5 to 100 öre, practically

a halfpenny to a shilling. The designs tell the story of the Post Office, the eight given here showing an early mail-runner, a despatch rider, a mail-carrying sailing-vessel, a road mail-coach, a railway engine, a motor road-coach, a modern steamer, and an airmail plane.

We are still hoping to see a really good set of British commemorative stamps. Perhaps the coronation of King Edward will provide the opportunity?

MOST DANGEROUS TRADE

Coal and Lives

Everyone ought to know that coal-mining is the most dangerous industry, but we are glad that at the first sitting of the Royal Commission on Safety in Mines the proceedings began with a statement of the fact.

In a year we lose about 1000 miners by death, while tens of thousands meet with serious accidents. When trade is good and much coal needed the number may be over 1000.

The recent death-rate has been just over one per 1000, which is nine times as great as the rate for factory workers. Next to mining comes shipping, with one per 1000. The sea still devours the lives of men.

The accident rate for miners is actually one in five every year. An uninjured miner is seldom seen. So this Royal Commission was much needed.

Would more inspection help? There are two schools of thought about this.

The Royal Commission of 1906 held that inspection is no substitute for good management, and that the chief responsibility must rest with the management. The Mines Department seems to hold this view.

On the other hand it is urged that there should be many more inspectors, and that they should have power not merely to recommend but to enforce their advice.

A POOR GIRL'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Marian Anderson Comes Into Her Own

Marian Anderson, a Negro girl, has been acclaimed "one of the greatest living singers," but it has not gone to her head.

Years of hard work and struggle have made her patient and unassuming, yet she was happy to feel after her New York success early this year that her goal is in sight and that her great gift is as acceptable in the land of her birth as it would be if she had a white skin.

Marian Anderson had taken the critics by storm in Germany, where she spent her little all on some first-rate lessons and a concert. She was "an event" at the music festival in Salzburg last summer, but about New York she had felt somewhat uncertain. It happened that her contralto voice so captivated the audience that they stormed her with applause and demanded encores until the lights had to be turned out in the hall.

Homely Comfort

Then, instead of staying in town to receive the congratulations and invitations her success would have brought her, Miss Anderson took the train to her mother's home in Philadelphia. It was the best place she knew of to prop her foot up—for at her great concert she had had one foot in a cast, having injured it. Reporters who sought her out there commented on the grey woollen sock drawn over the bandage, the starched lace curtains, the plush furniture, and the imitation flames in the grate, contrasting this homely comfort with the princely splendour in which they are accustomed to interview great singers.

In this neighbourhood Marian's father once conducted a small coal and ice business, and she was the "Baby Contralto" at the Baptist Church. Her mother went out to do housework, and when her father died Marian, at 16, undertook to support the family by singing.

Now she is a singer of the very first rank, and her story is another of those fairy tales in real life that hearten us about the human race.

PLENTY OF ROOM IN CHINA

DEAR C N,

China covers such a vast amount of space that one visitor may easily come away with an impression very different from that of others.

Your article Standing Room Only leaves the impression that one cannot enjoy even a short walk in China, yet my chief memory of my stay there is of the lovely long walks I took with my Chinese friends.

China is so large that it is dangerous to hazard any general statement about it. I will confine my remarks, therefore, to the country round Peking. I found it delightful for walking, specially from temple to temple in the Western Hills, but impossible for picnics.

However solitary the spot one chooses in which to open a lunch-box, it is not many minutes before some little skeletons of boys appear from nowhere to stand mutely, as close as they dare, appealing with their whole beings for your crusts, your core, or your apple-peel. The amount of hunger I saw was appalling.

My outstanding impression of China, unlike that of Professor Ross, is of a land of unbelievable beauty—and great open spaces.

I am sending some snapshots taken on my walks in China to prove that there are open spaces, and that many of them possess a beauty, wild or tame, equalled by few spots on Earth.

YOUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT

THE TWILIGHT WORLD

Where To Find Neptune

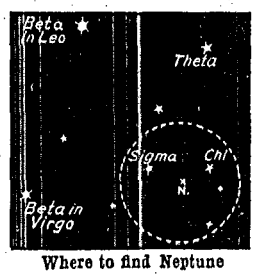
NOW AT HIS NEAREST TO US

By the C N Astronomer

The great planet Neptune will be at his nearest to us on Friday, March 6, and 2,713,300,000 miles away, nearly 30 times farther than the Sun.

It will, however, need powerful field-glasses to glimpse Neptune, for, although a world some 72 times larger than our own, the distance and faintness of his sun-lit disc cause him to appear but little brighter than eighth magnitude.

Neptune's exact position as seen through the glasses may be easily found by means of our star-maps, the square general map covering a large area of the eastern part of the constellation of Leo.



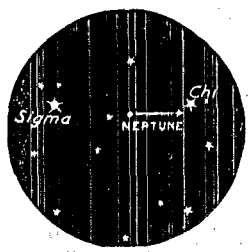
Where to find Neptune

This area is shown on a much enlarged scale in the circular star-map, which presents approximately the field of view as seen in the glasses and all the faint stars likely to be seen, including Neptune.

There should thus be no difficulty in finding this remote and famous world, notwithstanding the fact that his disc appears no larger than a threepenny-piece seen at the distance of a mile, or about two seconds of arc. Another way of realising how small Neptune appears is by comparing him with the apparent width of the Moon's disc, which averages 1800 seconds of arc.

It becomes very gratifying, therefore, if a glimpse of this remote world can be obtained. First let us find the locality by means of the square star-map. This region is a little way to the east of Regulus, the bright first-magnitude star due south between 10 and 11 o'clock, and almost midway between the southern horizon and overhead; it thus lies just to the left of Cancer and the Praesepe region described last week.

The stars Beta in Leo with Theta and Beta in Virgo will be readily recognised as the first bright stars to the south-east of Regulus, and with them the fourth-magnitude Sigma and still fainter Chi. These appear in the field of view of the glasses as shown in the circular star-map, which also shows the present position of Neptune between them, together with the arrow indicating the extent of Neptune's motion during the next two months.



The path of Neptune as seen through field-glasses or telescope

After May Neptune will retrograde and travel toward Sigma. Thus there will be no mistaking him, for his movements will reveal his presence. During the next two months he will appear to travel a distance rather more than twice the apparent width of the Moon.

Seen through an astronomical telescope the stars in the field-of-view map will appear reversed, while high powers will be required to show the tiny greenish disc, which is actually about 33,000 miles in diameter and possesses a surface area 17 times greater than our world.

What a vast region to be bathed in the twilight of a sun which shines only as a very bright star but nevertheless provides an amount of light equal to about 520 of our full-moons though sadly deficient in heat, since Neptune must receive some 900 times less than the Earth. One wonders, therefore, what conditions must be like over this vast area.

G. F. M.

BREAKFAST TABLES OF MANY LANDS

Interesting Exhibition in a School

From a Riga Correspondent

Reasoning that prejudice against strange customs is better overcome by experience than by exhortation a group of pupils in the Second City High School of Riga recently organised an exhibition of Breakfast and Tea in Many Lands.

Not only the food but the tables, crockery, and utensils were as far as possible in the native tradition.

That the Danish, Norwegian, and Russian tables were a great success was not surprising, as the port of Riga is in close association with these near neighbours; but it was the perfection of the Japanese table that excited most comment. Its attendants, in costume, explained the importance of the tea ceremony in Japanese social life.

To the English visitor the contrast of Latvian breakfasts, ancient and modern, was most instructive. The great loaves of barley bread and the butter in stout wooden bowls made one long to travel back through the centuries.

OLD GEORGE SHUTS UP HIS SHOP

The Old Nautical House, half public-house, half pawnshop, open since Napoleon's days, has closed its doors.

It stood in the Commercial Road, within touch of the London Docks, but in the shade of a discreet retirement the original owner was able to do good business out of profits we may suppose to have been drawn from smuggling.

In recent years pawnbroking has sufficed to keep the three balls rolling, and it remained for Old George, the last owner, to add a soul of friendship and thoughtful consideration between himself and the rough sailormen who brought all imaginable things to him in pledge before they started on a voyage of months or years.

Jack or Tom would drop in to leave a chronometer or a parrot, a pilot coat or a stuffed fish, knowing Old George would hold them for his return.

Therefore Old George's ensign has been known all over the world, and from Sydney, Shanghai, Capetown, Yokohama, messages have come by seamen in home-coming ships: "Don't sell my watch; it belonged to my father," or "Jane gave me the ring you have for me; give me a little time for it." Honest old man George never turned a deaf ear to such appeals, and in the world which comes and goes in and out of London Docks will be sorely missed.

THE MINER AND HIS WATCH

A miner of Scherlebeck in Westphalia, on coming to the surface at the end of a day's work, discovered that his gold watch was missing.

It was his most precious possession and had belonged to his father, and with a heavy heart he went down the pit again and began what he expected to be a hopeless search. His comrades insisted on going with him, and by the light of their lamps they moved blocks of coal and raked among the dust, but not a trace could they find of it. It was given up as lost.

One day the miner had surprising news; the watch had turned up in some gasworks at Braunschweig, 250 miles away! He must have dropped it among coal which was shovelled into a truck.

The inscription engraved on the watch enabled the owner to be traced, and soon a parcel arrived at Scherlebeck, and the delighted miner saw again his familiar old friend, which had told him the time so often as it ticked away the hours below ground.

FIFTY MILLION LITTLE TREES

The Secret of the Heather

WHAT DARWIN FOUND

In spite of frost and snow and bitter gales men are at work up and down the land preparing forests for posterity.

As part of the Government's forestry scheme 50 million little trees are being planted this year: pine, spruce, beech, oak, and ash.

The giants the next generation will know are now but a few inches high, but they are all about four years old, and have been trained for the final transplanting by being moved periodically from seed-bed to borders. But when planted, and secured in their new and final sites, they still need protection; the areas in which they are to grow have to be fenced in against sheep, deer, cattle, and rabbits, or little we should see of them after the first hard winter which came to make animals hungry and destructive.

Darwin left a wonderful tale of the struggle self-sown trees have to make for a living. On Farnham Common in Surrey he found moorland bare except for a few isolated clumps of firs, but noted that where enclosures had been made young trees were springing up in multitudes. So he explored the moor, and discovered that tiny trees teemed among the heather.

Year after year they had been browsed down by sheep and cattle. One such midget had rings showing 26 years of growth, yet it was still too stunted to raise its head above the heather. Hidden among that heather was a veritable forest of dwarfed trees waiting for the chance to spring up.

THE USEFUL OWL

But Not the Little One

The owl family has received a splendid certificate of usefulness from the Ministry of Agriculture.

The owls consume rats, mice, and other rodents, reptiles, worms, and insects. "Beneficial birds of the highest order," Mr Howard Lancum says of them.

There are five species now breeding in this country: the Barn Owl, the Tawny Owl, the Long-eared Owl, the Short-eared Owl, and the Little Owl. Of these four are native here, and the last is an imported alien firmly established in many parts.

It is the Little Owl that is the enemy. He is about eight inches long and rather a pretty little fellow. He does good when he takes a vole or an insect, but there is much evidence that he is also fond of game and poultry, and many bird lovers object to his habit of destroying useful small birds or pleasing songsters. He is now too plentiful in many districts.

SOS FOR MR DUCKBILL

The boys of Sydney and Melbourne have answered an SOS broadcast by the newspapers on behalf of the duckbill platypus.

The platypus is one of the quaintest of Australia's many curious animals. It has fur like a beaver's, a tail, a beak like a duck's, and webbed feet with claws. It lays eggs yet feeds its young as mammals do.

In the zoos of Melbourne and Sydney the staple diet of the platypus is worms and tadpoles, with a hard-boiled egg each day. Drought conditions have caused a shortage of worms and tadpoles, and so the help of young Australia was sought. Boys have been digging for worms and fishing for tadpoles, and have been rewarded with a shilling for a two-pound tin and sixpence for a cupful of tadpoles, not to mention free admission to the zoo.

For Rosy Cheeks and Sparkling Eyes

TO see your child happy and vigorous . . . eyes bright . . . cheeks aglow with radiant health . . . What a picture to warm and gladden the heart!

You can ensure this perfect health if you remember the importance of correct nutrition. To be quite certain that your child's dietary provides all the vital health-giving elements, make 'Ovaltine' his or her regular daily beverage.

'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfect food made from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. It is rich in proteins to build up firm flesh and muscles; mineral salts and calcium to build strong bones and teeth; organic phosphorus for sound nerves; carbohydrates in their most assimilable form for energy in work and play, and the necessary vitamins for health.

But, be sure it is 'Ovaltine.' There is only ***one*** 'Ovaltine'—"there is nothing just as good." Reject substitutes.

'OVALTINE'

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3 *per tin.*

P.215a

Every Boy and Girl should join the League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

BACK TO THE LAND

A Widespread Movement

NEW SPIRIT OF HOPE AND ENTERPRISE

Digging For a New England. By John S. Hoyland. Cape. 5s.

With 800 old negative glasses, bought for 1s 6d, an unemployed man of Wigan glazed a greenhouse which he built on his allotment.

The pipes for heating it came from a dismantled colliery and cost a penny a foot, and when a house was being demolished he bought the kitchen boiler for half-a-crown.

The bricks used for the foundation were dug up on waste ground. Soon he had grown in the greenhouse flowers and tomatoes double the value of the cost of the greenhouse.

This is only one of the revelations of enterprise of the unemployed given in this book, which also tells of the splendid work done by work-camp teams of students and other helpers who stay in poverty-stricken homes and help workless men to dig and cultivate waste land and so make a living.

Help From Well-Known Schools

Teams of boys from Eton, Mill Hill, and more than twenty well-known schools have worked during the holidays, undertaking hard jobs of digging to help the workless. Schoolgirls have helped with household jobs in unemployed homes. Several universities have had teams at work.

Coöperative farms have been started in several counties, and slowly but surely the Back-to-the-Land movement is growing. The new spirit of hope and enterprise is seen everywhere. At Cheltenham some allotment holders started a token coinage in units equal to half a pound of the potatoes they themselves had grown.

At New Hope Farm in Sussex the men receive their food and other needs from the treasurer, one of themselves, and scarcely ever handle money, yet they declare that they are happy.

As the long grim rows of cottages in Scotland are built of stone instead of brick it is possible to colourwash them. Work-camp teams have been doing this, and brighter streets have been made. Little gardens have also been dug, and there is even honeysuckle climbing round some of the doors.

The allotments movement is leading to better things, for successful allotment workers are starting small-holdings.

A GREAT MODEL OF THE GREAT OUSE

A model of the Great Ouse, the fens it drains, and its outflow in the Wash has been built up on the banks of its tributary the Cam.

It is the biggest model of a tidal river in the world, and has been made of cement, to represent the waterways, and sand to show the tidal lands and the silt clogging them. Thirty-five miles of the Ouse are on this huge relief map, and 200 square miles of the Wash, as far as ten miles out to sea.

The model has a very important purpose. Engineers will make experiments on it to be able to put into practice the suggestions made for dealing with the centuries-old problem of the Ouse, its flow and its floods.

The model, on the scale of two feet to the mile, is an exact reproduction of the country through which the Great Ouse flows from Earith to King's Lynn. It has been made at Barnwell near Cambridge for the convenience of the experts. Their findings will be of importance not only to the fenlands through which the Great Ouse flows, but to Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, Bedford, and Cambridge, all contributing to the drainage scheme.

OLD JIMMIE

Jubilee Chimpanzee's first birthday at the Zoo has already received honourable mention in the C N.

Hardly had the birthday been kept before the sad news came across the Atlantic that Jimmie, the oldest chimpanzee in captivity, had passed on from the Philadelphia Zoo. He went there in 1931, and was then 35, having lived many years in a private zoo at Havana.

His funeral notice says that he was quiet, obedient, rather slow in his old age, but quite lively at the last. Just before he died he made for himself a nest of hay and curled up in it for his last sleep.

He leaves a daughter, Anumia, the first chimpanzee born in captivity.

At a slave auction in New Orleans young Abraham Lincoln is filled with shame by the sight of a mulatto girl being examined for points, like a horse.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A WINDOW

Houses and factories built of glass bricks are springing up in numbers in America, and a remarkable demonstration of the uses of the new glass was given the other day at Toledo in Ohio, in a 39-room building having not a single window.

The craze for conditioned air makes windows unnecessary even in a dwelling-house, for a machine in the basement churns air through a spray of water, cools it, and then freezes it dry, and finally moistens it again to a definite degree of humidity. The so-called conditioned air circulates round and round the building, being merely rewashed at the end of each complete round.

The windowless house, of course, is light, because the glass bricks are translucent; you cannot see through them, but light can pass through them from outside. The bricks are hollow, but their strength is quite remarkable, and a glass-built house is as strong as any ordinary brick building. It is much more sound proof. Those who want windows, and like a little oldfashioned fresh air "from outside" to trickle in occasionally, can have ordinary windows fitted.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of February 1911

Back To the World From the Poorhouse. On the first day of this year there was a throwing open of workhouse doors, and hundreds of feeble old men and women came tottering out into the world, their hearts swelling with honest pride. They were no longer paupers; they were State pensioners, the Old Age Pension Act for paupers having come into force on New Year's Day.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

March 1. Sir Samuel Romilly born in London 1757
2. John Wesley died in London . . . 1791
3. Emancipation of serfs in Russia. . . 1861
4. Abraham Lincoln became President . . 1861
5. Pierre Laplace, scientist, died in Paris . 1827
6. Mrs Browning born in County Durham 1806
7. John Richard Green, historian, died . 1883

A Great American President

Abraham Lincoln, the great American President at the time when slavery was abolished through war in the United States, was by far the greatest statesman the republic has produced.

His life was a story of success won by sheer merit. He was a Kentucky man, and his early life was passed in a log cabin. Of regular education he had little, but he studied all books that came his way, and after being farmer, boatman, soldier, storekeeper, and surveyor, educated himself for the law, and became a leading advocate in his district and famed for his honesty.

Having served in the County and State governments, he reached the National Parliament and the Presidency with wide experience, and guided the republic through its great civil war with fine judgment. While at the height of his fame and usefulness Lincoln was assassinated by a madman.

Lincoln's fame has been growing throughout the world ever since he died, as later generations have observed his greatness of character and ability. He stands out from American politics with no one near him in distinction.

THE SMALLEST THING IN THE HEAVENS

America, which has a weakness for the largest things on Earth, has found the smallest thing in the heavens.

The discovery of this, the smallest star, was made by Dr G. P. Kuiper at the Lick Observatory. Though it is a white-hot sun with a temperature at its surface of 28,000 degrees (nearly five times that of our own Sun), it has a radius only half that of the Earth.

Of the White Dwarf class, it weighs nearly three times as much as the Sun, and a cubic inch of it would weigh 620 tons. Though the discovery of its size and weight has only just been made it was known on the star-maps, and its light takes 150 years to reach us.

THE ARMY CARRIES ON

The Salvation Army last year supplied more than 2,000,000 free meals to needy people in the United Kingdom.

They were provided by travelling food kitchens, at homes for distressed women and children, and at centres for unemployed and homeless women. The money for this work was contributed by the public in the annual self-denial campaign.

MADAME KIN

A Chinese Medical Pioneer

HER GREAT WORK FOR HER COUNTRYWOMEN

Madame Dschamei Kin has celebrated her 75th birthday, an event of national importance in China.

In breaking away from the fetters of an age-long past the women of China had a long way to go, and Madame Kin showed them the way.

Of good family and enlightened parents, she went to America while still a girl to study the natural sciences, but soon became convinced that her country's greatest need was an efficient Chinese medical and nursing service.

She therefore threw up her general studies and devoted herself to medicine. Her ability and energy soon attracted the notice of her home Government and she was recalled to China when only 35.

A Victory of Tact

Placed in charge of a nursing-home for women at Tientsin, she organised a college for nurses, a medical school for students, a hospital, a dispensary, and an ambulance.

The Government had promised every assistance, but, knowing it would probably be years before such promises were fulfilled, she obtained control of four buildings. Two of these she caused to be pulled down and rebuilt and the other two were adapted to her needs.

Aware that too drastic reforms might be worse than useless, she won her victory by tact and by allowing the medical schools to evolve under a skilful pointing out of the way.

Any student or nurse of promise has been sent to complete her training in England or America, so that today China has a splendid nucleus of well-trained doctors and nurses.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Mr Gaddum's Nature talk on Tuesday is about toads and frogs. We shall hear how toads and frogs spend the winter, and how the spawn is laid and how, later, the tadpoles are hatched out.

The British history broadcast on Wednesday takes us back to a fair-ground in the Middle Ages.

In his previous talk Professor Haldane discussed plants and animals in human history. Next Friday he passes on to temperature and shows how the efficiency of life depends on heat and cold.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Fight against Pests and Diseases: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Music, Course 1—Dotted Minim and the Fah (Sub-Dominant) Chord: by Ernest Read.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Unemployment: by Stephen King-Hall. 2.5 Toads and Frogs: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Howard Marshall on Walter de la Mare's book The Three Royal Monkeys.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 A Day at the Fair: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 How Plants Win Food: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Japan—A General Survey: by A. B. Lowndes. 2.5 The Isle of Man—A Voyage of Discovery: by W. C. McHarrie. 2.30 World History—The Rise of the Workers: by Eileen Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Bay of Naples: by Clifford Collinson. 2.30 Music, Course 2—Independent Movement of Two Tunes: by Thomas Armstrong. 3.35 Keeping Cool: by Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—Bazaar of the Eastern World: by James Corrie.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Drama—The Court Scene: by William M'Callum Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Prince Charming: by J. D. Mackie. 2.30 Same as National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Three Acres and a Cow: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Goldfish: by James Ritchie. 3.35 As National.

MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 17

The Luncheon Party

But Michael was too quick. As Ramiro was rising to his feet he pushed him back again amiably and, plucking the woolly scarf from his own neck, wound it round Ramiro's and well up over his chin.

"There! That'll keep you cosy, old man," he declared, and sat down again, but with such apparent clumsiness that his own chair was pushed right across Ramiro's. Then, turning to the others, "Where was I? Oh, yes, I remember. Those three good chaps had backed themselves with a pal in Geneva to make their ruin habitable in a week. They were winning hands down! My word, it was fine up there!" he went on. "Such a marvellous change from stewing in a hotel! I feel like a fish out of water in a hotel."

"Yes, we've noticed what a hump you had," Pepe admitted.

"And now I've got something else," announced Michael excitedly. "I've got an invitation for all of you people. For you, Ramiro; for you, Bernard; for the whole boiling. We are all asked to lunch tomorrow. You'll come, won't you?"

A chorus of assent answered.

Then, managing at last to wriggle free from his chair, as he squeezed past Michael, Ramiro said, "Where are your skis, old boy? You don't seem to have brought them back with you. What have you done with them?"

"Such a nuisance, isn't it, Ramiro?" smiled Michael. "I wonder whether I left them behind in the sledge. Did I tell you those generous chaps brought me back in a sledge?"

Toothache comes and goes. Ramiro's had gone when before midnight he burst in upon Don Luigi to tell him and the two others about Michael's startling return.

With hardly a word they heard him through to the end. Then, patting him on the shoulder, Don Luigi pronounced: "You did right, Ramiro, for you certainly couldn't have exposed the young Anglais's tarradiddles without giving both yourself and us three away. And now what about this mad luncheon party? I'm afraid we shall have to play up to it. You see, if those boys came up and found us gone they'd think it very peculiar, and we'd have them talking about it all over Megève. And *that* wouldn't suit us. Though I would very much like to know what that English lad's game is. And, of course, Ramiro mustn't show up while they're here."

So it came about that the toothache martyr was invisible when Michael and his friends appeared the next morning.

"We're not late, are we?" he beamed, shaking hands with Don Luigi while the others were disencumbering themselves of their skis, on which they had skimmed down the slopes to the valley. "But I'm sorry," he added, with a glance at the closed inner door, "that I have one disappointment for you, Don Luigi. You remember I told you that we had a countryman of yours with us called Ramiro? Well, he can't come. He's frightfully sorry, but he's got raging toothache."

"Deplorable!" Don Luigi replied sympathetically.

Then Michael spun round to beckon the other guests, waiting politely.

"May I introduce them, Don Luigi? This is Bernard Weiss, and here's Sigurd Klim, and here's Pepe Gitano, who doesn't play the guitar, and this is Leon Veyrier, and good old Alfiere——"

He was rattling on, while Don Luigi had to keep murmuring, "*Enchanté. Enchanté,*" when in an amiable voice, but with a very straight look, Antoine broke in, "But where are your skis, my dear Anglais? I see everyone else has come on his skis. Where are yours?"

"Oh, my skis? I must have left them somewhere," he sighed.

"But how very unfortunate for you to have lost them. You can't afford to lose them, can you, my friend?"

"No; I must ask Ramiro if he knows where they are when he gets back from Sallanches. Did I tell you, Monsieur Antoine, that he's gone to a dentist in Sallanches?"

Don Luigi interposed. "Come on! Lunch!" he announced.

The conversation at table had grown loud and general when Leon exclaimed, "What a draught there is!" and, turning his head, exclaimed again, "Halloa! Look! Here's somebody coming!"

Then those with their backs to the outer door swung round, and those with their faces to it stopped talking and stared.

"Will your Excellencies buy a fine rug?"

CHAPTER 18

The Sickle

Beni-Hassan had stepped quietly into the room, but he was not carrying either carpets or rugs. Nor was he followed this time by Zamat his mute, whose usual place was taken by a small party of square-shouldered men with heavy, measured treads and resolute features.

And then, after barely a moment, there entered a younger man, whose eyes and whose voice went straight as an arrow to Michael. Yet Michael's excited eyes had gone as straightly to his, and Michael himself needed only a leap to accompany them.

"Old Jim!" he exclaimed. "You—you——" But his lower lip fluttered.

"Everything is as right as rain," whispered his brother. "Old Beni-Hassan brought me along from Geneva. He has worked the oracle and cleared my name, Michael!"

"But how?" Michael gulped. "In so short a time!"

"It hasn't been in only two or three days. He suspected a mistake from the beginning, as he'd practically convinced the authorities before he met you."

Michael gaped in bewilderment. But so did his hosts, though their stupefaction was taking a terrified turn, as the Moor's astonishing escort grimly closed round them while their guests shrank shyly aside.

"Give ear now to the fable of Beni-Hassan!" The Moor's great voice was filling the room: it compelled all to silence. "There was a chieftain of Morocco who waged war against France. And after she had defeated him France gave him pardon because he had always fought fairly. Then presently she called him into her service, to aid and protect her people against malefactors."

His eyes dwelt on Don Luigi.

"So this chieftain, the last of a long race of chieftains, passed hither and thither in the guise of a seller of carpets, debasing himself for the cause which he served," he said proudly. "And, trusting him, France advanced him to wider authority; bade him pit his wits against those who would spy out her secrets. While thus engaged, and quite recently, Allah assisted him to restore the name and honour of one sorely wronged."

He had paused, and was smiling at Michael.

"So Beni-Hassan went with his news to the Government, and was promised that the wronged man should have reparation as soon as certain formalities had been completed. That promise has been honoured. But the Government went on to confide in its servant that great quantities of uncut precious stones were being smuggled over the Swiss borders into France by a gang whose identity defied detection. Thus, said he who spoke for the Government, France is defrauded of the duty demanded by law. Go thou, Beni-Hassan, and uncarth these base dogs. And Beni-Hassan made answer, I go."

He bowed to the three with grave irony.

"Your Excellencies," he proceeded, dropping his voice, "four eyes hath thy servant, though two of these watch through the veil of Zamat his mute. In similar fashion hath Beni-Hassan four ears. Was it long, think ye, before those four eyes and four ears discovered that a certain international rogue, who hath many names, was in secret communication with a Swiss of bad record in Geneva. And when presently Beni-Hassan's four eyes and ears learned that this many-named impostor had sought out two other thieves, and had brought them into Savoy, so close to Swiss frontiers, and had hidden himself with them in the heart of the forests, had Beni-Hassan much further to look for his smugglers? Yet he needed proof ere the corn should be ripe for his sickle."

He signed to one of his escort, who went to the inner room and came out with Ramiro, hanging his head.

"It was evidence which thy servant was seeking," the Moor said. "And such he began to approach when he found that the chief rogue had turned a young lad's defencelessness to his advantage by placing such lad, with his mother, in a hotel in Megève. The mother suspected nothing. The lad was compelled to conceal for the thieves the most costly of their smuggled gems."

Ramiro's head sank lower. Michael drew a quick breath.

Continued on the next page

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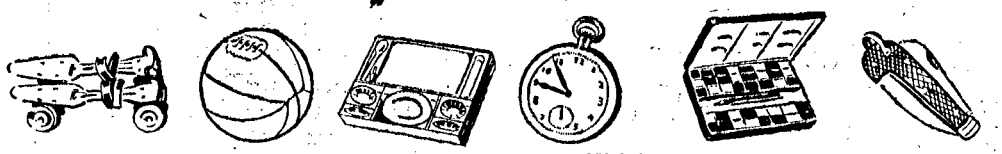

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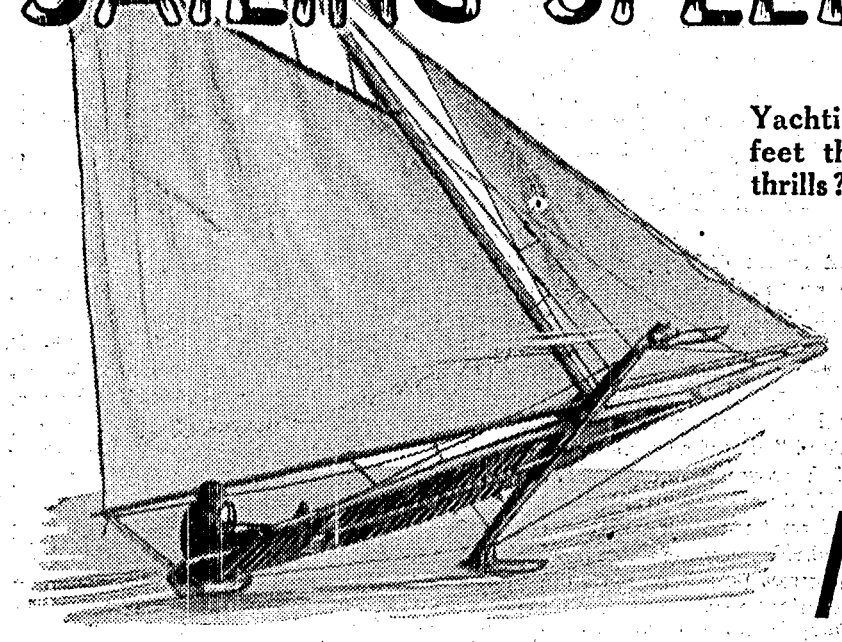

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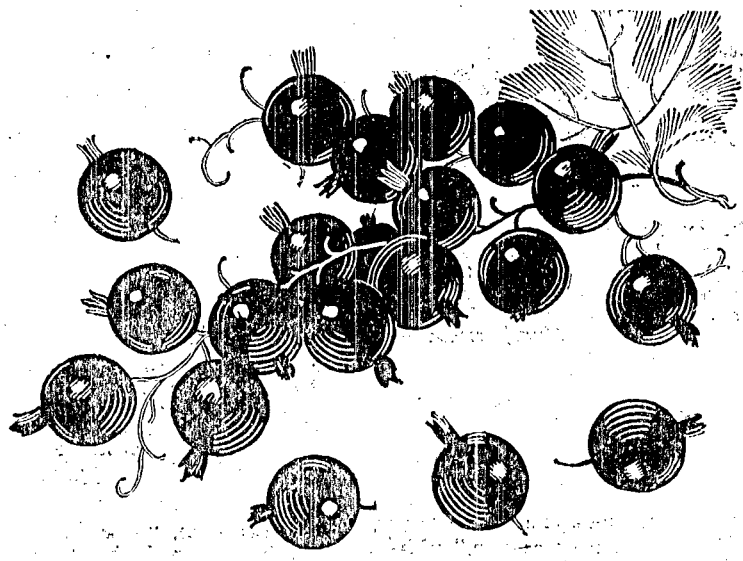

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Gar. 4 C.N.

Continued from page 13

"To verify this suspicion Zamat the mute broke into that hotel for his master, visiting the guests' rooms and, to make it look like an ordinary robbery, taking trifles which have now been restored to their owners. But the room of the boy he ransacked till he found—this!"

From beneath his robe he produced a blue cardboard box. "This contained, so the young señor said, a watch. Regard now that watch!" And, raising the lid, he displayed some small lustrous objects on a bed of cotton-wool. "Smuggled pearls," he remarked, "of great value."

Bernard and the others exchanged rapid glances, as the same thought took all of them—no wonder Ramiro had been in such a stew when he found that box taken!

But the skis, the skis! Would Beni-Hassan never come to his skis?

Michael leaned forward eagerly. "My skis!" he ejaculated.

With a leisurely movement Beni-Hassan restored the box to his pocket.

"Now our smugglers," he continued in the strained silence, "seem to have reached the end of their tricks and wanted a new one. They found such; as novel as it was simple. Supposing, they whispered, that an English lad making holiday were, all unconsciously, to smuggle our contraband in for us, would or could any mortal on either frontier suspect him? Not one! laughed they. And round they looked for such Anglais."

Michael held his breath. Light was breaking.

"They found their young Anglais. He was staying in the same hotel as the Spanish lad of whom Beni-Hassan hath spoken. That Spanish youth arranged a paper-chase on skis."

"They compelled me," whimpered Ramiro.

"Fear not; thy youth saves thee," Beni-Hassan said gravely. "The more especially since thou hadst no more idea of the other reason which caused the rogues to compel thee to pick out the Anglais than thou hadst of the means whereby they forced him to their purpose. It was owing to their own experience of spy's work that they discovered that Michael North was guarding another man's secret, and very basely they threatened to publish that secret unless he consented to take his skis into Geneva and to bring them back and put them into their hands. In ignorance of their object he went on their errand."

Then the Moor poured contempt on Don Luigi and his associates. "Hath Beni-Hassan no wits?" he exclaimed in his great voice. "Do his eyes and ears falter? Was he not already steeped in suspicion, so that when your victim crossed from Annemasse into Geneva he followed, and possessed himself of the skis. Nor could any tell what had become of them!"

His scorn lashed them.

"So Beni-Hassan," he went on more quietly, "put knife to those skis; aye, he separated the centre from toe and heel, even as your clever Casque Noir had done in Geneva. But, alas! thy servant reversed Casque Noir's exquisite work. For that rogue, after cunningly drilling the centre, had hidden therein great wealth of uncut diamonds, and then as cunningly had restored all outward appearance. But thy servant removed the diamonds. Allah be praised!"

He spoke to the men he had brought with him. "Remove them," he bade. "But let the young señor go." With manacled wrists the three men were led away.

The sickle had come to the harvest. The harvest was gathered.

Very nervously Ramiro crept up to Michael. "Can you ever forgive me, Michael North?" he said piteously.

But how much did Michael care now for Ramiro's duplicity! His brother had been restored to him. That was enough. "I've forgotten all about it," he answered Ramiro. "And I'm game for another paper-chase any old time."

That reminded Michael of something. He turned to the Moor, "Are my racing skis dished up for good, Beni-Hassan?"

The Moor shook his head. "Tomorrow will see them in Paris. But France is generous. She will give thee a new pair," he smiled. Then a little sign escaped him as he regarded Michael, and his eyes grew curiously wistful all of a sudden. "Young Anglais," he breathed, taking Michael's hand in his two hands, "no longer shall Beni-Hassan's ways march with thine. Hark, then! Thy friend Beni-Hassan leaves thee this counsel. May trouble stand afar off. But should it assail thee then lift thou thine eyes to the hills, from whence floweth strength." He paused. "Go in peace," he pronounced. "Beni-Hassan hath spoken."

THE END

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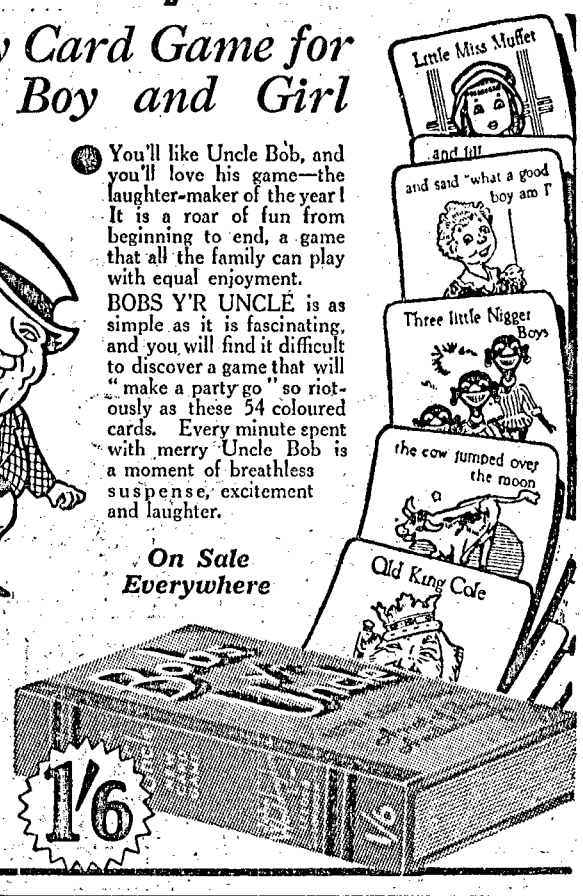

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JACKO GOES TOO FAR

THE Monkeyville floods were the worst ever known.

The river had risen so high that at one point it was right across the lane.

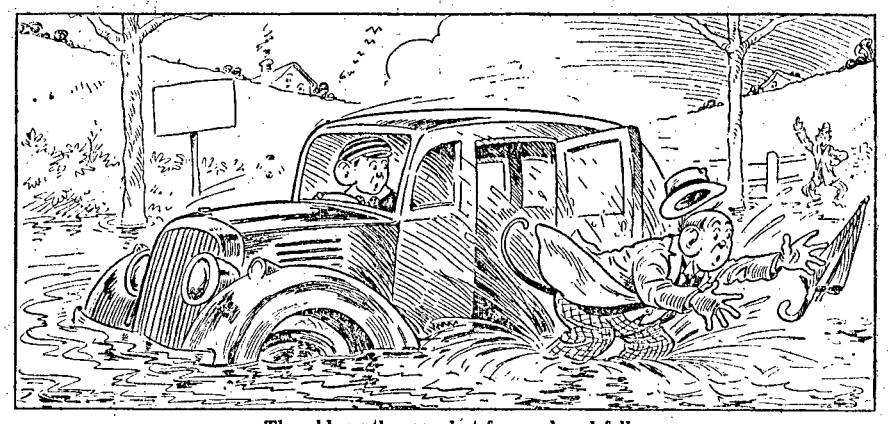
"If the road's under water how will you get to the office?" asked Mother Jacko anxiously.

"I'll look after Dad," promised Adolphus. "It's not too deep for the car. I'll get her across."

There was quite a rush. Several people who had almost despaired of getting to their work that day almost fought each other to reach him.

Jacko was enjoying himself.

"Hi, boy!" cried a voice. And up came an old gentleman, evidently in a great hurry. He threw Jacko a shilling, stepped heavily into the car, and told Jacko not to "lose a minute."



The old gentleman shot forward and fell

And so he did. The water didn't come up to the engine, and there was no trouble at all.

As Jacko stood watching them make their way carefully across a brain-wave struck him. It was all right if you had a car, but suppose you hadn't?

"Coo!" he thought. "If only I could borrow Adolphus's car for an hour I'd do a roaring trade."

Half an hour later a little crowd of people held up by the water blocking the roadway saw a small figure standing up in a car hailing them from the other side.

"Take you across!" he was shouting. "Sixpence a time. Come on!"

Jacko began to grin. He started the car, drove a few yards, and then, out of sheer mischief, stopped.

"What's wrong, boy?" cried the old gentleman. "What's wrong?" he repeated, opening the door and leaning out.

At that moment Jacko, looking up, suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure running toward them. *It was Adolphus.*

Jacko stamped on the accelerator and the car leaped forward.

There was a shout. The old gentleman swung forward, shot out his arms—and with a mighty splash fell . . . .

Jacko was for it properly that time!

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 29, 1936 — Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Old Mr Moneybags

AN old miser had among his hoard a thousand golden sovereigns, which he kept in ten bags.

Not that he was ever likely to wish to give away any of his gold, but he had rather a mathematical mind, and it amused him to place the money in the bags so that he could have access to any number of sovereigns from one to a thousand without troubling to open any of the bags.

How many sovereigns were in each bag? *Answer next week*

This Week in Nature

THE little house-sparrow begins building its nest of feathers, hay, straw, and wool. The eggs, usually six in number, have various colourings and markings, but they are generally pale grey streaked and spotted with blackish-brown.

Tactful

JOHNSON: Friend Jenkins is a master of tact.

Jackson: Yes; he makes his visitors feel at home even when he wishes they were.

A Bad Landing

THERE was a bold sailor of Skye
Who thought he could easily fly;
So he jumped with a flop
Off a high mountain top,
But he walked home again with a sigh.

Transposition

WHAT well-known author's name can be made from these letters: ACCDEEHIKLNRSS?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

une auto	le pneu	le garçon
motor-car	*tyre*	*boy*

Ce petit garçon est allé en auto. Pan! Le pneu a crevé. Il faut le remplacer.

This little boy went for a ride in a car. Bang! The tyre has burst. We must get a new one.

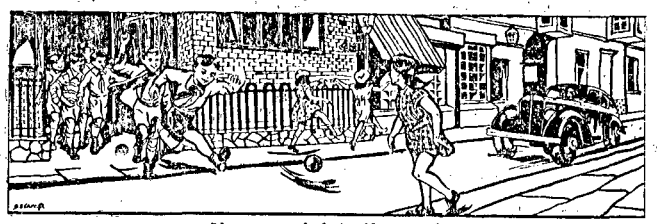
The Price of a Joke

THIS little story was told the other day by Major G. C. Tryon, the Postmaster-General:

A tiresome young man put a halfpenny stamp in the middle of an envelope, knowing that the stamping machine would not obliterate it in that position.

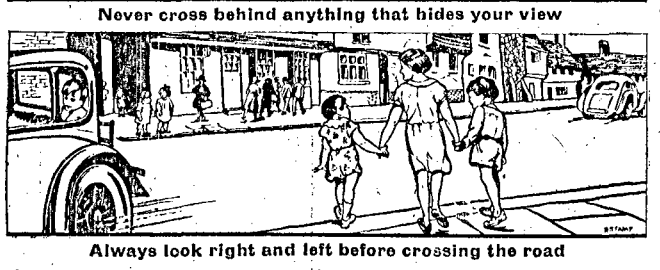
Around the stamp he wrote, in defiance of the Post Office: "Hey diddle diddle, the stamp's in the middle"; but an official, noticing that he had stuck down the envelope, wrote: "Hey diddle dey, there's twopence to pay."

The Safety First Frieze



Never rush into the road

Never cross behind anything that hides your view



Always look right and left before crossing the road

THESE Safety First pictures are from a series of 16 which have been prepared to form a frieze for schoolrooms.

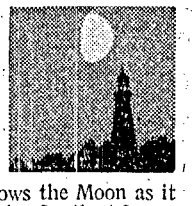
Each picture is about 28 inches long and is printed in black and white on stout paper so that it may be coloured to form an attractive wall decoration. We shall be giving other sections of the frieze from time to time in the C N, and the complete set may be obtained for half-a-crown from George Gill & Sons, 4 Paternoster Buildings, E.C.4.

What Queen Elizabeth Did Not Know

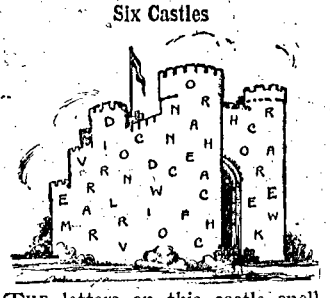
QUEEN ELIZABETH never read a novel, nor saw an umbrella. She never heard of Australia or New Zealand. She never saw a wax candle, nor saw a lamp lighted with paraffin. She never looked through a telescope, nor saw a barometer, nor a canal. She knew nothing about the moon's control of the tide.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the West, Uranus is in the South-West, and Neptune is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the South-East and Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Monday, March 2.



Six Castles



THE letters on this castle spell the names of six famous castles in England and Wales. Can you find them? *Answer next week*

Curious

THE office telephone bell rang.

"John James asked me to tell you that he is unwell and will not be at the office today," said a voice.

"Thank you for the message. Who is speaking, please?"

"This is my brother."

Is It?

TELL your friend you have an easy sum for him to do mentally: Add up eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven.

He will probably tell you it comes to 11,111. Then you can write it down and show him what it should be:

11,000
1100
11
12,111

Riddles of All Trades

OF what trade is the sun?

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding?

Of what trade is a weathercock?

Of what trade is the sun in May?

What trade is noted in English literature? *Answers next week*

Outline of Thought

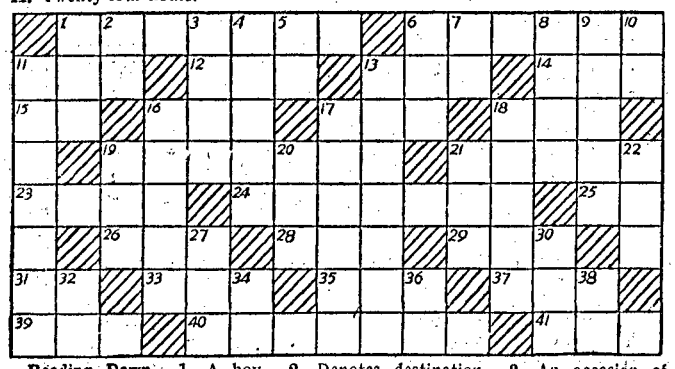
TEACHER: Give me a definition of drawing, John.

John (after a pause): Drawing is thinking, and then marking round the think.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. To totter. 6. A sheep's coat. 11. Where wild animals are kept. 12. A busy insect. 13. To perceive. 14. A limb. 15. Above and touching. 16. International Labour Office.* 17. Poet's term meaning to open. 18. Mineral from which metals are obtained. 19. Power of endurance. 21. A waterway. 23. Large sheet of water. 24. Envelops. 25. Myself. 26. A mischievous person. 28. A vehicle. 29. A curved bone springing from the spinal column. 31. Georgia.* 33. To sink in the middle. 35. To plunder. 37. Mathematical problem. 39. Tibet's beast of burden. 40. A highway. 41. Twenty-four hours.



Reading Down. 1. A boy. 2. Denotes destination. 3. An occasion of public festivity. 4. A goblin. 5. French for *and*. 6. Reward for services. 7. French for *the*. 8. To gain by labour. 9. The richer part of milk. 10. A printer's measure. 11. Science dealing with the natural history of animals. 13. A perky little bird. 16. Scraps of news. 17. In advance. 18. Fertile tract in the desert. 19. A kind of snowshoe. 20. Incorporated.* 21. Canadian Pacific Railway.* 22. To permit. 27. State of equality. 30. To sprout. 32. Automobile Association.* 34. To proceed. 36. Bachelor of Arts.* 38. Child's name for Mother.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Black and White. White is 30.

What Am I? Tops, stop, spot, pots, post.

Reversed Word. Tip, pit.

A Stick Problem. One pound less a proportion of the total weight of sawdust.

Tuning-In Radio Programmes. Droitwich, Luxembourg, Hilversum, Rome, Radio Normandie.

Tales Before Bedtime

Eve Meets Scotty

EVE was to start school next term, and as she was a very shy little girl she was not looking forward to it at all.

Her mother had taken her to town to buy new clothes.

Now they were in the train on the way home, and, looking round at the carriage full of people, Eve began to feel frightened about school again. She was quite sure that all teachers were rather cross and very strict.

But presently she noticed a little black Scotty terrier belonging to the lady who was sitting next to Mummy. The dog was very restless and kept jumping up at Eve and pawing her.

"Now lie down, Scotty!" said the lady. "You mustn't worry that little girl."

"Oh, I love him!" said Eve shyly. "He wants to sit on my lap. May he?"

"Certainly, if you would like him to," smiled his mistress, turning to Eve's mother.

"Eve loves dogs," Mummy said. "She's always longing for one of her own."

"Come on, Scotty. Good little dog!" said Eve.

Scotty was delighted at the invitation and leapt on to Eve's lap and settled himself down comfortably.

Eve beamed with delight.

"He has certainly taken a fancy to you," laughed Scotty's mistress. "And he is very slow, as a rule, to make friends."

Soon she and Eve's mother started to talk. But Eve was too busy playing with Scotty to hear what they were saying, and she was quite surprised when the train reached their station and Mummy said, "Come along, Eve; here we are! You will have to say goodbye to Scotty now."

But Scotty and his mistress got out of the train at their station too, and Eve was allowed to hold the little dog's lead till they parted at the door outside.

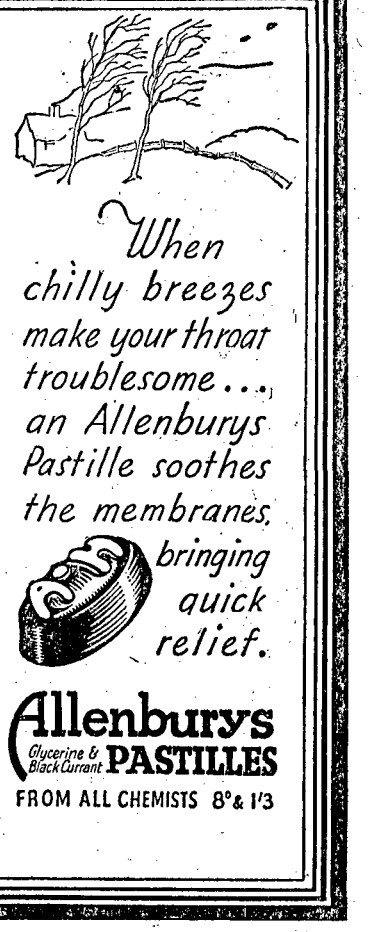
"Well, goodbye, Eve," said the lady, smiling at her. "I shall look forward to seeing you next week."

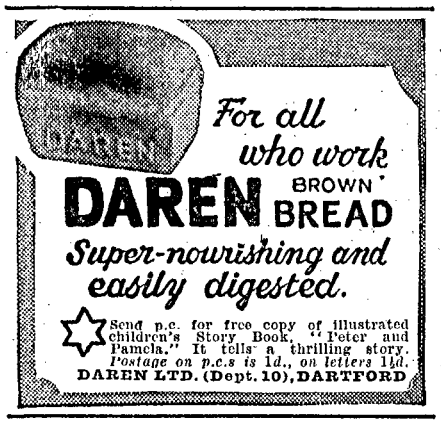
Which made Eve open her eyes in surprise.

"Why will she see me next week, Mummy?" said Eve, as she trotted beside her.

"That was Miss Hudson, dear, the mistress in the kindergarten where you are going to school," said Mummy. "I told her you were starting school for the first time."

"Oh!" cried Eve, stopping short. "But she's so nice. I like her. Oh, I shan't mind going to school now if she's going to teach me," she added, clapping her hands. "And perhaps I shall see Scotty too!"





ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

53,000 BREAKFASTS

Free, Satisfying, will be supplied this winter to hungry Slum Children, Funds permitting. Remember the little ones. **3d.** pays for ONE meal. **25/-** for **100.**

How many may we entertain as your guests?

R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.,

EAST END MISSION,

Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

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